

Into the Open Air

by Miss Daisy Dukes

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Summary: Niya had never before dreamed of the existence of dragons and in one night she is accepted into their world, living amongst the very creatures of myth and legend. Years go by, her duty by the side of Valka, venturing out on her own dragon and saving countless others. What of these other riders that have appeared? Who is the Dragon Hunter truly? OC's are mine obviously. xx

## 1. Chapter 1

All recognised characters belong to their beloved creators.

This is my first How To Train Your Dragon fic so here's hoping it all goes smoothly. Fingers crossed!

Niya - Nee-Ya

Eilidh - Eh-Lee

### CHAPTER ONE

A dragon's wrath and a dragon's innocence

SONG - Where No One Goes - John Powell & Jonsi

\* \* \*

><p>When I was ten, my village was raided and destroyed. Beasts of legend and myth, they soared across the sky in the darkest of nights and took everything. We did not know of the existence of these creatures nor why they attacked, but it happened and remains the most significant event in my life to this day.<p>

I can remember the night as clearly as if it were every other. It was the last one I spent with my parents too. Bildsfell, home to a small clan of Vikings, had recently been taken up as our own. I was only a

toddler when Father and his ship had taken the land as his own. It had been shaped and grew as time wore on and Bildsfell soon became ours. Father would disappear for days on end with his ship though, neglecting his duty as chief of our clan. Every time he left, duty fell to my Uncle Crom. Sometimes Father would come home riddled with scars and laden with tough skin of animals he'd defeated, yet he and his warriors never uttered a word of what they encountered. Not even to mother.

That night I was cooking while mother rested. The Hunn-Lege had ordered her to rest for copious amounts of time during the day, not that mother could help it. Her belly was swollen with pregnancy and she struggled with even the smallest of tasks. She hated it though, she was a warrior used to being hands-on. But carrying more than one babe and not due for weeks, she knew she had to stay put.

Father was on the island, but he was not home. He had come back from his last trip, laden with a new animal coat and his gaunt eyes. He'd been protecting the boarder of Bildsfell for days now, expecting something. He had a crazed look in his eyes at times and at times I would grow worried, who was he preparing for?

An animalistic cry echoed through the night and I stopped my actions. I looked over to mother and she sat up amongst the fur rugs. Soon other cries filled the night and a glow could be seen from the windows.

"Niya, ready yourself," mother said. I stood up hastily and grasped my battle-axe of the wall, grabbing mother's hunting bow and bringing it over to her.

"What is that?" I asked her. She didn't answer, only grasped my shoulder tightly. A shriek went over our roof and I moved forward. Mother rubbed her stomach in worry.

"Dragons," she muttered. At that point, I was confused. Dragons? They didn't exist, only in folklore.

The door to our house burst down as Uncle Crom hobbled in on his wooden leg, longsword held high.

"Brietta, Niya," he greeted gruffly. "Come quickly, I'll get you two to the Great Hall with the others."

I helped mother off the couch and he led us out. I looked about in horror as flames licked the sides of homes. Men and women streamed by laden with weapons and shields, elderly and children who were too young to fight were being taken to the Great Hall.

"Duck!" I cried, looking up. Uncle Crom pulled mother to the side as I slammed myself to the ground, a white blur flying over our heads and shooting a blue flame down at the ground.

Mother grabbed my arm and the three of us hurriedly made our way to the large stone building. Everything was chaos. I was frightened and shaking, holding the battle-axe close to my chest. It was large, its base on the ground it reached my shoulders. It was my tenth name day present from Father. It was engraved with the words of our clan, '\_Be Strong, Fight Long\_'.

I looked back over my shoulder at the men and women fighting. I looked back at mother and she caught the light in my eye.

"Niya, no!" But it was too late, I ran from her and my uncle, racing back down the dirt and fire stricken road, passing dragons and people alike on all sides. I was looking for my Father and I would make him proud, I would fight.

I ducked and rolled at one point, jarring my shoulder as a two-head dragon smashed through the one of the houses, the wood blazing with orange and red. I scrambled to my feet before dashing forward again. Up ahead I saw the familiar black mane of my Father, messily hacking off the head of a large, boulder-like dragon. I stopped in my track at the sight of the blood and I knew then that I should have stayed with Mother and the others.

"Niya!" Father looked at me. He nodded at me proudly and I remember then why I had come. I lifted the battle-axe in my arms and moved to stand back to back with him. Be Strong, Fight Long.

I swiped in the air with my weapon, too short to scratch even the feet of passing dragons. Father stood behind me, bellowing with rage as he took down dragons left and right.

To my right, I spied a dragon creeping around the edges of a house, moving towards the livestock that were kept in pens. \_They're taking the food\_, I thought. It was hard enough to go through the winters with small rations and these beasts were stealing all we had.

I braced myself and ran forward, yelling with as horrifying a battle cry a ten-year-old girl could muster. The dragon faced me quickly and flinched back, eyes darting to the side. I skidded to a stop, battle-axe above my head and stared at the beast. It's back pressed to the side of the pen and eyes held emotion, actual emotion. It stayed frozen before it realized I was not going to attack it, darting ahead and snatching up a bleating sheep.

"Niya what are you doing?" my Father cried. I lowered my axe and turned to him. "Raise your weapon child! Fight!"

He took down another passing dragon, grabbing the goat from its clutches and pushing it aside. There was a whistling sound from above and my Father faced the cliffs before grinning wildly like a mad man.

"Night Fury," he roared, swinging his spear wildly above him. "Fight me!"

A blue flame shot the ground beside him and he rolled to the side, narrowly escaping the blaze. I ran up beside him and he took the axe out of my arms harshly, knocking me to the side.

"Take my spear," he growled. "Fight child."

I grasped at the wood and picked it up, disconcerted with its weight. My battle-axe was heavy, but it was much smaller in size. The spear towered over my head and I aimed it up, searching the skies. The white blur darted around us, its wings whistling in the wind. Father pushed me to the side and I rolled across the scorched grass as it shot another ball of flame.

I stood up hastily and raised my weapon once more. The Night Fury, as Father had called it, was towering over my father and snapping its jaws. Its scales were white, speckled with black across its face and wings. One leg itself was purely black and it was pushing down against my Father's chest and roaring in his face. Father roared back and I darted forward.

"Father!" I cried. I threw the spear towards him and he caught it, slashing it across the dragon's face. It flinched back and roared in pain, blood pouring from its left eye. I barely had time to grab my battle-axe as it raced toward me. I raised my weapon and cried out as it took off the ground, grabbing my raised arms in its grasp.

I screamed out horror as I watched the ground disappear from beneath my feet, my arms held tightly between the claws of the pale dragon's legs. I held on tightly to my battle-axe and struggled in its grasp, pulling on my arms forcefully. I stopped at once when I felt my shoulder pop, pain racing up my neck and down my back.

I hung limply as I watched my village burn beneath me, dragons flying away with our food and livestock. I hung my head in shame as I resigned myself to my fate, the flaming village slowly becoming a speck in the distance as the dragon flew across the dark abyss that was the sea.

"Beast," I muttered, clenching my fist around my axe. The dragon seemed to grumble to itself, looking down to see me dangled between its claws. I mustered as harsh a glare I could, spitting at it. Its eyes were slits as it growled low before looking up, swooping past rock structures.

I felt my stomach clench as it climbed altitude. My legs and arms were stiff and locked with the crisp air and could barely feel my body as it climbed up past the clouds. My feet skimmed the tops of clouds and if it had been a better circumstance, I would have admired what was happening. As it was, I was being kidnapped by a dragon for a midnight snack at least that was what I had presumed at the time.

I clenched my eyes shut and listened to the wind and cries of dragons. I thought of the possibilities of escape, but all ended with me either being torn to bits or torn to bits. I was doomed and the smug bastard carrying was only too happy to carry me to that designated destination. The dragon called low and I opened my eyes just in time to feel my stomach drop as we quickly dived down and lost altitude. I pushed down the bile that rose in my throat and instead focused on the great, ice and stone mountain that rose from beneath the sea. I couldn't help the small noise of appreciation at the structure.

"Odin's beard," I muttered in wonder and horror. The wind rushed in all my senses as the dragon swooped down, gliding through the ice and stone and mingling with dragons of all shapes, sizes and colours. I was scared and amazed as I watched them all carry their food to different assortments of crevices.

I cried out as it dropped me onto a stone ledge. The axe fell out of my grasp and I rolled, putting out my arms and catching myself. I scrambled to my feet quickly and clutched my shoulder, my right arm

dangling limply. I cursed to the Gods and clenched my teeth as I pushed it as softly as I could. I sobbed at the pain and kicked my axe across the stone.

I whirled around at a very human 'oh', facing a woman wearing layers of leather and wool. I stared at her and she tilted her head to the side, standing straight and leaning her spear against the stone.

"Hello lass," she said warmly. Of course, I did the one thing any child would do after being kidnapped, hurt and discarded in a dragon lair. I burst into tears and she moved forwards, laying a hand softly against my back and leading me inside the crevice that she'd emerged from. I relaxed slightly as she sat me down on a crudely made cot covered in furs, sniffing to myself as I watched her gather an assortment of things from a chest in the corner.

"I'm so sorry dear," she said warmly. "It's been many years since I've talked to humans and a child no less. Bite on this dear."

She handed me a leather strap and I put it between my teeth, clenching my body as I awaited the quick the pain that I anticipated. She grasped my arm firmly and pushed it up, popping it back in its socket. She took the leather strap back and motioned for me to take off my shirt.

"Have to bind it so it doesn't come out any time soon," she explained. I looked away as she strapped my shoulder, watching the cave entrance instead. A large gold and red dragon peered inside and chirped softly, shaking its head side to side. The woman smiled and clicked her tongue. The dragon seemed happy with this and nodded, coming into the cave and staying by the entrance. It eyed me suspiciously and I looked down.

"There you go," she said. I pulled my shirt back on, noticing then I did not have a good amount of layers for the ice that surrounded us. The woman seemed to have the same idea as she grabbed a large long-sleeved shirt and a fur rug to go over my shoulders. She handed them to me and said;

"That should do you, they may be big but you'll be warmer of course."

I pulled them on and brought my legs up, holding them tightly.

"Valka," she greeted, holding out her hand. I shook it firmly and nodded.

"Niya," I replied. She tilted her head to the side and stared at me before smiling widely.

"And just how old are you, Niya?" she asked.

"Just turned ten," I looked back out of the cave entrance and found my battle-axe still lying on the ground. "Father gave me that for my birthday."

Valka noticed my axe and retrieved it, handing it to me carefully.

"My son would be turning eleven soon," she stated. "I haven't seen him since he was a babe."

"My mother is pregnant," I said in comfort. "Hopefully I can see the babies after they're born."

The woman looked at me with pity before approaching the dragon that still sat silently in its corner.

"This is Cloudjumper," she changed the subject. "He's a stormcutter dragon, brought me here ten years ago."

"A stormcutter dragon?" I asked. "What are the other dragons?"

She smiled at my question and motioned me up. I put aside my axe and followed her out to the edge. She pointed at a two headed dragon, not unlike one that had destroyed my village.

"That one is called a hideous zippleback," she said. "Gruesome name for such beautiful creatures, Vikings titled them all."

She pointed out numerous amounts of dragons, all different types. Rumblehorns, deadly nadders, monstrous nightmares, gronckles, hotburples, the list was endless, all different types and different colours. The creatures that I had feared not even hours ago emerged before my eyes in beauty and wonder as the rising sun glistened through the ice and lit up the water and grass.

"As with all the dragon, there is the alpha," she declared. "The bewilderbeast are the greatest of all dragons, this one here created this haven for the dragons."

Valka took my hand and settled me onto the back of her dragon. I moved to protest but she climbed up behind me, clicking as Cloudjumper soared over the water and through the dragons that were in the air. I laughed as I watched the large, white face of what I presumed to be the Bewilderbeast rise from the water, blue eyes glistening as it breathed out heavily from its mouth and blew a soft sheet of ice over everything.

Valka laughed and patted Cloudjumper's neck as he flew back down to settle on the ledge. I slid off his back and grinned.

"Who knew dragons were so gentle," I said excitedly. "But how could they so viciously attack my village?"

Valka grew confused. "They wouldn't dare to unless provoked; they attacked my home only because we Vikings attacked first."

"But they came through the night, they'd never been before and then suddenly they were there and burning everything," I said. Valka tilted her head to the side and moved quickly towards me. She reached out and touched my hair, the dark strands slipping through her fingers.

"What's wrong with my hair?" I asked her. She looked me back in my eyes and shook her head. She looked over my shoulder and I flinched at the cold wind that blew from behind me.

The pale dragon, the night fury, landed behind me and cocked its head to the side.

"Oh it's you," I grumbled. Valka gasped from behind me and went over to it, brushing a hand under its bloody eye.

"How did this happen," Valka muttered to herself. I felt immensely guilty as the dragon peered over her shoulder at me, its tongue rolling out of its mouth as if its eye did not bother it.

Valka looked at me from over her shoulder and smiled. "She likes you."

I shrugged and walked over to them, laying a hand on the dragon's cheek. A cloudiness had settled over its left eye, around the red scar across its eye and I knew it was fully blind in its eye.

"I'm sorry about that," I said, rubbing its cheek. It snorted and I smiled. "My Father can be very violent at times, of course he is a Viking."

I heard Valka laugh and I realised she had left at some point, coming back with some cloth and water.

"Wash the blood off and stop any clotting," she said, handing me the cloth. I looked at her incredulously but she only nodded towards the dragon. "She likes you, not me."

I sighed and turned back around, the dragon already settling onto the ground so I could reach its eye. I wiped across her face, the black and white scales glistening with the water.

"Why does she have black in random bits on her?" I asked. "Every other dragon has patterns, but herâ€¦"

I trailed off as I looked at her fully black leg.

"Her natural colour is black," Valka answered. "However, she's an albino. The effects of the north unfortunately and as seen here, can affect dragons as well as humans."

I nodded and resumed wiping off the blood. She closed her other eye and breathed heavily out of her nose contentedly.

"She's truly like a beacon of light in the night sky," Valka continued, "she's very docile, quite young too. Push her too far and she'll snap. Still don't understand how she is categorized as one of the most dangerous of dragons."

I dropped the cloth into the bowl and sat back, her eyes opening to lock with mine.

"Beacon of light," I whispered, "I hope you don't mind Valka, if I call her Eilidh."

Valka smiled down at me warmly. "I do not mind at all."

I stood up and brushed off my pants. "Do you think she'll be able to fly me back to my village?"

Valka stopped and shook her head. "You won't want to go back to your village, not now."

I frowned. My mother and my father, my uncle were all in Bildsfell and I had no idea if they lived or not.

"When can I go back?" I asked her.

"When it's safe for them," she replied.

\* \* \*

><p>Well there's the first part of it all. I don't think it will be a very long story. It will be taking place in the sequel obviously and I'm thinking of writing into post-movie as well. But for now, please review, favourite etc etc.<p>

## 2. Chapter 2

All recognised characters belong to their beloved creators

once again, just in case

Niya - Nee-Ya

Eilidh - Eh-Lee

CHAPTER TWO

Night Furies and Reminiscing

SONG - Age of Oppression - Cover by Malukah

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><p>Of course, it never got safer for the dragons. Over the years Valka trained me to fly with Eilidh. I grew closer to my dragon and soon enough we could communicate with each other. Valka had a staff that she'd fitted and carved so she could communicate with all the dragons. She created one for myself, but I'd learnt to speak with them on my own.<p>

Every so often Valka would go out, rescuing dragons from Dragon Traps. Someone had taken up dragon hunting, capturing unsuspecting dragons and collecting them for who knew what.

When I turned sixteen, Valka started taking me out on these travels. It was heart wrenching to see these docile creatures snatched up in cold, metal contraptions and thick, rope nets.

Eilidh was nervous when we first started but soon enough, we were soaring down and setting free dragons without so much as a scar or an attack. Valka allowed me to go solo on foggy days, where Eilidh blended well in the low-sitting clouds.

I could not tell the months anymore, only went by the seasons (which sadly went by cold and less-cold), but Valka would always say when it was a new year. Sometimes I thought that she kept track of every date, but I could never tell. She acted so much like a dragon herself



it was hard to think she'd once lived with civilisation. She wasn't the greatest influence on myself either; yes I regarded her as a hero and she truly was, but growing up under the guidance of a woman who acted more like a winged reptile did me no justice. Soon enough I was leaping, hanging and eating much like our scaled friends.

And so the years moved forward, I grew taller and Eilidh grew bigger. We never met another Night Fury and I had begun to worry after my fifteenth year when mating season would come about. She would become ferocious and I would have to leave her be for days on end. When we went on our solo missions, I'd take her on detours and we'd fly over lands in hopes of finding dragons. Not even the ones we saved ever turned out to be night furies.

I blinked quickly through my mask as Eilidh soared through the mist, emerging above the low-sitting cloud before diving back down again. I laughed as she spun, gripping tight to her back as my hair flicked across my face harshly.

"Eilidh higher," I crowed. She roared back in answer and shot upwards, coming above the higher cloud cover. She shook her head in the wind and I patted her neck. "Good girl. Come on, we'd better get back."

I look back over my shoulder at the small flashfang and its young flying behind and struggling to keep up. The four of them had been caught in a steel trap. The dragon hunter had been creating far more complicated contraptions, but that just made our rescue missions more adventurous and challenging. Ten years of freeing the dragons from this dragon hunter and Valka was the only one to have battled him face to face. She didn't want me near him, afraid of what will happen. The main cause of this worrying was because Drago Bludvist, the infamous Dragon Hunter, was my father. It seemed he had not taken the downfall of Bildsfell well. According to Valka, he'd been hunting dragons for longer than the attack, which would explain his secretive activities growing up. To think I had held that man in the highest regards sickened me, I couldn't bear to think of him as my father anymore.

"He'll be running off with his tail between his legs if he ever meets us," I said to Eilidh. She grunted in approval, shaking her head goofily as she stuck her tongue out. I laughed and stood up into a crouch, turning to keep an eye on the flashfang family behind me, steadying a hand on Eilidh's spines. The Flashfang chirped to us, looking frustrated. Her three young sped ahead of her as we dropped altitude. I spun on the balls of my feet, still crouched as we made our way down to the refuge.

I spied Valka, emerging from the ice and stone atop Cloudjumper, her battle mask on and her shield and staff clutched tightly in her hands.

I thought it was just us scouting today, I thought to myself, leading Eilidh towards them.

"Valka," I greeted loudly, standing from my crouch as Eilidh pulled her wings in to hover. Cloudjumper chirped and beat his wings strongly, his size greatly outdoing that of Eilidh's.

"Niya," she greeted back, voice muffled. The Flashfang and her young

swoop past us, taking shelter at last in the nest. "Scouts sighted a hunting boat up North, not sure how far but from their frantic calls there was at least one dragon on board."

I nodded to her, lifting my own mask to smile at her.

"Be careful," I said. Her mask nodded firmly and she steadied herself as Cloudjumper's four wings pushed them up, soaring over the top of us. Eilidh wines and I reach down to pat her neck as numerous dragons fly past us to join Valka.

"Yeah, yeah," I said, "I wish we could go too, but you know what she'll say. Come on, I'm hungry."

She led us through crevices; swooping, ducking, twisting. I'd grabbed onto her two flaps protruding from her head, digging my feet into her side so I wouldn't fall.

The two of us cried out in greeting as we flew over the alpha Wilderbeast. His great blue eyes trailed us and he blew out a heavy breath, sending a sheet of ice over everything, the dragon young scattering from their places on his face.

I trilled with laughter as Eilidh landed on our crevice ledge, sliding off of her back before scratching along her cheek. Her left eye was a silvery colour, the cut across it nothing more than a white line compared to its angry red all those years ago.

"Sorry about that, girl," I said sadly, taking off my leather-beak mask and tucking it under my arm. "We'll get him back."

She whined softly and nudged my side softly, purring contentedly as I drummed my fingers across the black spots that adorned her pearl white scales. I pushed her head away when I felt her drool over my tattered woollen boots.

I groaned, jumping back on one leg and shaking whatever drool I could get off. Eilidh's guttural laugh cut through my cursing and I send her a glare.

"You're lucky I'm almost finished sewing up my new pair, you overgrown reptile," I growled at her. I wiped off her saliva and flicked my hand at her, chortling with laughter as it hit her square in the face. She bared her teeth at me and flicked the back of my head with her tail.

"Stink brain," I grumbled under my breath. She grumbled back and I stuck my tongue out as she took off of the ledge. "Woah, woah, woah where do you think you're going?"

She roared back at me and judging by the tenseness of her spines, she wasn't too happy at the moment. I rolled my eyes and waved her off, scratching the head of a terrible terror as I walk past.

Throwing my mask onto the large pile of sheepskins and rugs, I unhooked my battle-axe from my back and hung it off the stone wall. I rubbed my hands together as I gathered a small amount of firewood together. One of the terrors lit it for me and I scratched it gratefully behind its horns. They could be a pest or a blessing, either way I could not help loving them.

I sat close to the fire as I nibbled on some salted, dry pork strips. I threw some to the small gathering of dragons beside me before I laid back on my sheepskins. With Eilidh ticked off at me, a short nap couldn't hurt. I had spent more than half of my night and early morning rescuing dragons after all. I placed the mask over my face, effectively shutting out the glow of the embers beside me.

It seemed only a moment later I awoke to Eilidh's bad breath above me. She nudged the mask off of my face and I smiled.

"Sorry, girl, didn't mean to get too testy," I assured her. She growled playfully and nipped at my thick, dark hair bound in a traditional Viking style; three braids bound in white wrappings. Valka had done it for me in a burst of artistic motivation. She hadn't bound my hair since I was sixteen and I was happy to let her do so. We hadn't spent much time together in a while, constantly missing each other as we went out on rescue missions and scouting journeys. The only time we truly spent together was feeding time, the happiest part of every day.

Eilidh growled again and nudged me until I rolled over. I scrunched my nose in distaste before finally rising from the ground. The fire had gone out at some point and the terrors had disappeared. I strapped my axe to my back and put my mask on my head, not wearing it fully. I followed Eilidh out of the cave, clambering onto her back quickly as she shot down in a nose dive before soaring up, before twisting onto her back as she flew up to the main entrance into the mountain. She sniffed the air before rumbling excitedly, turning back onto her front and settling behind a large boulder.

"What's wrong girl?" I asked her, sliding off her back. Her tongue lolled out and peered over the top of the rock. I spied Valka settled on Cloudjumper who was hanging off the ceiling. One of the Raincutter's snapped playfully at another dragon as a young man emerged from the cave entrance. I grabbed my battle-axe and ducked down, pressing a hand to Eilidh's neck to assure her to do the same. She ignored my touch, however, and instead leaned low against the boulder and swished her tail playfully.

I rose and eyebrow at her behaviour and hissed at her to get down. She growled back at me, still in a playful mood. I shook my head and leaned around carefully.

The man stood stock still, watching the swarm of dragons circling the jagged stone jutting through the mountain. His eyes were wide and his mouth twitched into a smile. He walked forwards through the wrestling gronckle young, eyeing them as if it were any normal occurrence. I tilted my head and lowered my battle-axe by my side, still gripping it tightly and staying out of sight.

A black dragon followed after him, strapped down with a leather saddle and stirrups. Its tail swished happily, tongue lolling out as it took in the multitude of dragons. One of its tail fins was replaced with a red, hand-crafted device, leather wiring attaching it to its left-side stirrup.

Eilidh perked up from her spot and I gazed on in wonder at the other Night Fury that stayed close to its rider. So that's why she was so perky.

The man turned and caught sight of Valka. He gasped and I tensed, ready to move out in case of attack; but he did nothing of the sort.

"This is where you've been all along," he said incredulously, back turned to me, "for twenty years?"

Valka's eyes sparkled from her spot on Cloudjumper's back and I relaxed once more as she nodded encouragingly to the man, her features soft.

The man shook his head and his dragon gurgled beside him, sniffing the air.

"You've been rescuing them," he stated. Valka nodded to him once more and I finally replaced my axe on my back, taking my mask off of my head and tucking it under my arm.

"Unbelievable," he laughed. His dragon flinched back from a gronckle young that had come up, rubbing along his body. The other Night Fury grumbled and flinched back, shaking his sleek black head.

"You are, not upset?" Valka asked him.

"What?" The man asked confused. "No, no. I don't know. Well, i-it's a bit much to get my head around to be frank. It's not every day you find out your mother is some kind of crazy, hero, vigilante dragon lady."

Valka laughed and I understood. This was her son, the son she had not seen since he was a year old. It was disbelieving to think that her son, raised by a village of dragon-hunting Vikings had found his mother twenty years later astride his own dragon. Valka's eyes met mine and she smiled, stroking Cloudjumper's wing as he lowered her to the ground with the help of her staff.

"Well," she laughed, "at least I'm not boring, right?"

"Well, I suppose there is that," the man, Hiccup, said as he shifted uncomfortably away from a dragon that wondered curiously close to the Viking. "One specific thing."

"Do you like it?" she asked him cautiously, crouched halfway as she moved over to him. I stayed hidden by the rock, listening as I kept a hand on Eilidh's wing blades in a comforting, controlling, gesture.

The man seemed to stutter, staring around at the dragons that had wondered over to greet the newcomer.

"I don't have the words," he said finally. I noticed his Night Fury cornered by a few other dragons, all of which seemed curiously excited at the new dragon. Eilidh whined and I shushed her.

Eilidh grumbled to me as she climbed over her rock, coming up behind the other Night Fury. He hadn't noticed her yet and I guffawed as Eilidh curiously sniffed and nudged his wing, causing the poor dragon to tense up and move in fright.

His fear forgotten, the other Night Fury instantly perked up at the sight of my Night Fury, chirping happily as he sent a look to his rider before nudging Eilidh. I climbed over the rock and slid down, holding tight on my mask.

Valka and Hiccup turned to me, the man surprised at my appearance.

"What, do the dragons have a tendency of kidnapping people now?" he asked. Valka laughed and I grinned.

"Your Night Fury's taken to my Eilidh," I greeted.

"Your Eilidh?" he shook his head. "My Night Fury?"

We turned to look at the black and white dragon nudge and whine and grumble to each other happily.

"I've never met another Night Fury before," I said. Hiccup makes a noise of agreement.

"Thought he was the last of his kind," he confided. The Night Furies stopped their banter and came over to us, Eilidh flicked her head at me and I laughed, caressing her cheek beside her blind eye.

Valka motioned to Hiccup's Night Fury.

"Can I?" she questioned, hands out in a peace offering. Hiccup nodded his head and Valka smiled warmly, moving to the dark Night Fury with ease.

"He is just beautiful," she cooed, raising a hand softly to his face. The Night Fury engaged with her and she sighed, stroking his scales with the back of her hand. "Oh, he's just incredible."

Eilidh made a noise of indignation in the back of her throat and the other Night Fury gave a guttural laugh.

"These two here may very well be the last of their kind," Valka says, "Extremely rare indeed."

The other Night Fury shook his head happily and rolled onto his back, staring up at me with wide green eyes. I laughed and reach down, allowing him to sniff my hands before I scratched at his neck. I noticed the ring marks adorning his neck and smile up at Hiccup and Valka.

"He's twenty-one years old," I said.

"Wow," Hiccup said with amazement. "He's my age."

"No wonder you two get along so well," Valka said from the dragon's other side. Eilidh nudged me impatiently and I stood up with a laugh.

"Yeah, yeah," I scratched behind her head flaps. "I haven't forgotten about you, you overgrown lizard."

She picked up my discarded mask carefully between her teeth and bounded across the ledge, eyes sparkling dangerously.

"Don't you dare," I warned. Hiccup laughed from behind me as Eilidh made her way back to me, spitting out the mask at my feet. Valka stood and scratched the Night Fury's head.

"How did you ever come to find him?" she asked. Hiccup scratched at the back of his neck and looked away sheepishly.

"I, ah, found him in the woods," he admitted. "He was shot down and, uh, wounded."

Valka shook her head and frowned. She motioned over one of the dragons who gladly accepted her open hands.

"This Snafflefang was caught in one of Drago Bludvist's iron traps," she said firmly, "This Raincutter had a wing sliced by razor net, and this poor dear." She motioned over to a Gruff, "poor Gruff was blinded and left to die alone and scared."

"Drago Bludvist do that to him?" I spat, motioning to the red tailfin Eilidh was currently sniffing. Hiccup was sheepish as he stepped back, leaning heavily onto the squeaking peg leg I just noticed. The contraption was different to any other peg leg I'd seen before.

"Oh, yeah, well," Hiccup prolonged, "crazy thing is, I'm actually the one who shot him down."

The Night Fury was paying no attention to the grave words spoken and was instead playfully jumping in front of the young man.

"But hey, it's okay you know," Hiccup assured carefully, laughing awkwardly. "He got me back, right bud? You couldn't save all of me, you just had to make it even so," he leaned on the neck of his dragon and thrust his left leg in the air. "Peg leg." He sang.

I snorted as his dragon ducked his head and threw Hiccup up into the saddle. Valka laughed heartily as she crept towards Hiccup and his dragon once more.

"What did your Father think of your Night Fury friend?" Valka asked. Hiccup shrugged and scratched his dragon's head.

"He didn't take it all that well," he lamented, "but then, he changed, they all did. Pretty soon, everyone on Berk had a dragon of their own."

"If only it were possible," Valka contradicted, kissing the Night Fury's nose.

"No really-"

"Believe me I tried as well," Valka emphasized. "But people are not capable of change Hiccup."

I finished wiping off the saliva from my mask and placed it on top of my head.

"Some of us were just born different," Valka contended. Hiccup shook his head but Valka continued.

"Berk is a land of kill or be killed, Hiccup," she stated. "But I believed peace was possible. It was a very unpopular opinion of course, you can imagine. Then one night a dragon broke into our home where I'd left you alone in the cradle. I rushed to protect you but what I saw was proof of everything I believed. The dragon wasn't a vicious beast but an intelligent, gentle creature whose soul reflected my own. You and your father nearly died that night, all because I couldn't kill a dragon."

Hiccup shook his head as he moved closer to his mother.

"Runs in the family," he assured her.

"It broke my heart to stay away but I believed you'd be safer if I did," she admitted. I was pushed away by Eilidh as she moved to walk beside the Night Fury. I stuck my tongue out at her back and she flicked me with her tail. Valka laughed and motioned me forward to walk with her and Hiccup.

"The dragons must have believed that both Niya and I belonged here," Valka said, leading us to the far right of the ledge. She threw an arm around my neck and tugged me down, laughing as she rubbed the top of my head playfully. I pushed her away, laughing.

"The home of the great Bewilderbeast," Valka said, "the alpha species. He's one of the very few that still exist."

I smiled at the sight of Old Snowy, resting in the depths of the water.

"Every nest has its Queen," I stated, walking alongside the cliff. "But this is the King of all dragons. His icy breath powerful, this graceful giant is clearly unmatched by any other. He created a safe haven for every dragon everywhere."

"Wait, hold up, the ice?" Hiccup perked up. "He's responsible for all the destruction?"

"He protects us," I declared happily, leaping up onto a rock and jumping to another up ahead.

"We all live under his care and his command," Valka soothed her son. I crouched on the edge of the cliff, smiling behind me at the dragon young gathering and squawking before swarming the dark Night Fury. Eilidh and Cloudjumper came up behind him and roared, scaring both the young and the Night Fury.

"All but the babies," I laughed, standing up and watching the colourful creatures swarm the giant beast. "They listen to no one, of course."

Valka laughed at the sight and I turned to grin at Hiccup who smiled back, chuckling to himself. I turned back at the sudden movement of water and bowed low to Old Snowy, who had risen from his comfortable seat. I stood back up and grinned at the large face that stared down at us all. I reached out and pet his rough skin, grinning at the large eye that settled on me before moving to the figure behind.

"I've lived under his command for twenty years Hiccup," Valka

affirmed softly. "Discovering their secrets."

The Bewilderbeast breathed out his large snowy breath, covering my face with a layer of frost and burning my cheeks. I laughed and wiped at my thickened eyebrows, dusting off the flakes of snow.

Hiccup had it just as bad and he grinned as he shook out his hair.

"He likes you," Valka said to Hiccup. "You must be hungry."

Hiccup frowned at this and turned to his mother. Eilidh crowed from her spot beside the Night Fury and bounced on the balls of her feet, claws clicking against the stone.

"Yeah I could eat," he said slowly. Valka grinned to me mischievously.

"Good," I said. "It's feeding time."

Hiccup looked between us confused, before motioning to his dragon.

"Toothless, come here bud," he said.

"Toothless?"

He shook his head, amused. "The, uh, retractable teeth. Pretty good name huh?"

Eilidh nudged the shoulder of the night fury beside her, loping off of the cliff and soaring out and along the Cliffside as I ran along beside her. Behind me, I heard Valka mount Cloudjumper and Hiccup mount his dragon. Cloudjumper soared overhead and I heard a quick shout of surprise behind me as I took a sharp right and leapt off the cliff.

Eilidh swooped under me and I crouched on her back before standing up, turning to Hiccup behind us.

"Ten years together has erased all thoughts of untrustworthiness," I shout at him against the wind. He laughed and I turned back, digging my heels into her side as we took the all too familiar twists and turns.

It wasn't long until the three of us, along with the accompaniment of all the dragons, made it to the open ocean, flying past ice glaciers.

"Hey, I thought we were going to eat!" Hiccup shouted to us. Valka gave me her mischievous smile again and I chortled, pulling up Eilidh to stay beside Cloudjumper.

"Oh we are," Valka crooned, laughing along with me as we flew stationary over the water.

I motioned for Hiccup to look down and the dragons surrounded us, waiting as patiently as ever.

Old Snowy rose from ocean depths, mouth opened wide as he swallowed a



large mouthful of water and fish. His large tusks broke part the water and he was like volcano, snorting out the fish into the air for the dragons to grab. Valka laughed as Toothless snatched at the fish falling around them.

Eilidh pulled forward, filling her mouth to the brim and gurgling happily as she chomped on her fill. Toothless dragged Hiccup down, snatching all around at the fish. I laughed as Toothless turned to Eilidh and I, mouth overfilled with fish.

"Come on," Valka shouted from above us. Eilidh roared back in response and I had to grab onto her head flaps to steady myself as she shot up, levelling with Cloudjumper who twisted his head in amusement.

Toothless and Hiccup came level with us and Valka led us away from the feeding dragons, flying over to one of the glaciers that surrounded us. I jumped from Eilidh's back, rolling into the soft snow. I groaned in pain when Eilidh landed beside me, rolling onto her back and laying her head on my stomach. She chuckled lowly, her green eye focusing on my face.

Hiccup settled somewhere off to my left, the rustling of parchment and scratching of pencil, something I hadn't heard in years.

"The dragon islandâ€|" he was muttering, working to himself. I pushed Eilidh off my chest and sat up, looking over at his map.

"You've explored all that," I said thoughtfully. He nodded as he looked up, doing a double take before settling on something behind my shoulder.

I turned around and Valka was dancing across the snow, etching into the fresh fall with her staff. I stood up to admire it carefully.

"I'm guessing artistic skills run in your family, huh?" I chuckled. Eilidh snickered to herself and I caught Toothless snapping off the end of a large icicle. The dragon dragged the end of the ice across the snow, drawing his own interpretation of the land around them.

Valka only laughed, looking down at her son longingly. He shrugged his shoulders up at her and looked back over to his dragon.

Cloudjumper watched on with fascination, tilting and turning his head like a curious owl.

"Nothing more than overgrown puppies," I said as Eilidh bounded over to Toothless, snatching the end of the ice. The two of them bantered playfully over it before they discovered their tongues had stuck to the ice.

I howled with laughter as Hiccup and I rush over to them, soothing their tongues away from the ice. Eilidh slapped me across the back of my head with her tail and I pushed away her head.

"Butt brain," I huffed. She chortled heartily and Hiccup smiled at us.

"How old were you when you were brought here?" he asked, as we made our way back over to Valka. She was playing in the snow with Cloudjumper who was brushing up piles of snow and dumping it everywhere and anywhere.

"Only ten years old," I said, scratching at Eilidh's cheek. "Mind you, I was completely terrified as well. First night I discovered the existence of dragons was the first night I was kidnapped by this overgrown reptile."

Eilidh grumbled to herself and I smiled over at her.

"Never knew why she chose me that night," I shrugged to myself. "My father took out her left eye so I suppose she returned that favour to father and took me out and far away."

I smiled over at Hiccup and he returned it.

"Took you two long enough," Valka huffed, hands on her hips. "Come, lets show Hiccup and Toothless the storm."

"The storm?" Hiccup asked incredulously. "That doesn't sound safe."

The wind rushed up, blowing my braids up into the air around us. One of them hit Eilidh in the eye and she growled.

"Sorry girl," I said, standing up from her back. I caught hold of my mask from my head before it could blow away. Valka was walking across the backs of multiple dragons, using them as a pathway to make a full round back to Cloudjumper. I just rolled my eyes. She used to show me tricks like that when I was younger, back when I considered her the moon in my sky and biggest hero.

We took off from the great whirlwind, soaring across the pale sky. Valka took in a deep breath and looked over at her son.

"Oh when I'm up here I don't even feel the cold," she sighed, reaching her face up into the sky. "I just feel-"

"Free," Hiccup said. Valka looked at her son and I patted Eilidh's neck, motioning her to move head. This was their time to make, twenty years of time to be precise.

I hooked my mask on over my face, the small pointed beak fitting over my nose, my mouth open to breathe and speak. I stood up from my crouch and opened my arms, laughing to myself at the feel of the wind.

"Hurry up, slow poke," I heard from behind me.

Hiccup was flying, by himself for that matter, arms spread out to accustom the fabric that allowed him to glide through the air.

"That's brilliant," I said to him, shaking my head with amusement. He laughed and hollered loudly, Toothless and Cloudjumper coming up behind him. He flipped onto his back and threw a grin back to his mother before turning back onto his front.

"Watch it," I called out. Hiccup also took in the rock formation before us and flapped his arms wildly in the air. I laughed before I slapped a hand over my mouth, knowing that it was a dire situation of course.

Toothless roared from behind us and shot forward to catch Hiccup, the two of them falling through a crevice between the rocks.

Eilidh shot after them, Valka close behind me. Toothless lay in the snow below and Eilidh landed, chattering softly to Toothless. Hiccup burst from the snow, pumping his arms above his, crowing loudly.

"Almost, buddy," he cheered. "We almost had it that time."

Toothless shook the snow from his head and sneezed, glaring at his rider. Hiccup sent him an unapologetic smile and Toothless swung his tail out and knocked Hiccup over. Valka ran over to her son, helping him out of the snow and laughing.

I draped myself over Eilidh's head, caressing her cheek as I watched the two converse with each other. I thought back to my own mother.

I had no clue whatsoever if she and the babes had survived the night, and Drago's actions did not help justify the happy thought. I had learnt over the years to not dwell on thoughts of my mother and babies, pushing them away with all the good thoughts I'd had of my Father. My Uncle Crom was truly the only one I really thought about; his joyful nature and caring features. If he had survived the night, it'd be a wonder if he survived my Father's wrath.

Eilidh knocked me off her back and into the snow, bounding away from me to play with Toothless. The two of them circled Cloudjumper, throwing snow at each other. Eilidh almost blended completely into snow, if not for her black patches.

I looked over to Valka and Hiccup, who were completely engrossed and holding onto each other tightly. There was no disturbing them. So I did the only sensible thing one could when they're bored in the snow; I collapsed onto my back and started covering my torso with snow. Sure it was cold, and a very silly idea, but the chill kept my teeth on edge and my eyes wide open.

"Now we can go and talk to Drago Bludvist together," Hiccup stated. I shot up off the ground, my legs numb as I stumbled over to them.

"No," said Valka sternly. "There is no talking to Drago."

"He'd never understand Hiccup," I said, "He's lost too much already."

"He has no right state of mind," Valka soothed, reaching out grasp both mine and Hiccup's shoulders. "So no talking to Drago, we must stay and protect our own."

\* \* \*

><p>Here's hoping that chapter went well. Also just a small request;

reviews would be very welcoming, as would favourites and follows. Of course I'll leave you all to your own devices though.<p>

One more thing! I'd love for you all to check out the Age of Oppression cover by Malukah. I put it up in the song section at the top but I would like you all to go listen to it. It's absolutely astounding, trust me.

Happy readings! x

### 3. Chapter 3

All recognised characters belong to their beloved creators.

#### CHAPTER THREE

Drago Bludvist and the Armada

SONGS - For the Dancing and the Dreaming & Dragon Training by John Powell.

NOTE - Sorry it's short, but I felt it was appropriate to end the chapter there. I will be updating again soon so don't stress yourselves. Also, this is the chapter we see Niya bring out her Dragonese skills. ***\*\*She and the dragons speak this language in bolded italics.\*\**** I imagine that to others, it sounds like hissing and clicking opposed to its pronunciation in the books.

Enjoy!

\* \* \*

><p>We landed in the dragon refuge hours later. Valka slid off of Cloudjumper and sent her son a guilty look.<p>

"Hiccup-

"I'll cover for you," I interrupted her. Valka turned to me.

"No, Niya, it's too dangerous," she said.

"Valka please," I said, "You've just found your son again, I'm not going to force you two apart right now. Besides, there's enough cloud cover to keep Eilidh and I safe."

"Drago could be readying an army, Niya," Hiccup spoke up suddenly. "You shouldn't go alone."

"I'll be fine, honestly," I said. "Besides, he wouldn't dare attack this island. We've saved countless dragons from him, he's basically unprepared."

She considered this for what seemed ages before relenting.

"Just be careful," she said, grasping my shoulder tightly. "A quick scope and then you come straight home. What with all this nonsense concerning Drago!"

She sighed heavily and stood back, leading Cloudjumper back inside

the cave after sending a lingering look to Hiccup.

He slid off of Toothless who bounded over to Eilidh, the two of them circled each other, nipping playfully.

"I'm glad you found Valka," I said, propping myself up onto a ledge in the stone wall.

"Actually, she found me," He said, "gave ol' Toothless and I a fright. Turns out the crazy person in the colourful outcast-looking mask was my mum."

I grinned and took out one of the knives from my boots and began sharpening it. Hiccup started fiddling with a few of the straps on his arm, tightening them and lifting his shoulder up and down until the leather riding gear sat comfortably on his person.

"Ah, I hate this strap," he mumbled, walking over to the ledge. I tucked the knife back into my belt and slid down off of the rock.

"\*\*\_Come on\_\*\*," I said to Eilidh. She grumbled unhappily but left Toothless' side. Hiccup tilted his head and shook his head with amazement.

"Please don't tell me you just spoke dragon," he said disbelievingly. I shrugged and pulled myself up onto Eilidh's back, crouching low and pulling down my mask.

"Fine I won't." Eilidh chuckled and loped off of the cliff, dropping down as dead as a stone before shooting back up. If I had looked back then, I would have seen Hiccup struggle against the large hand of a Red-Haired man.

I pushed Eilidh up into an upwards spiral, crowing as we pushed up past the cloud cover. She pulled up so she soared cleanly right over the clouds before slowly lowering herself down, stopping so she skimmed just enough that we could both easily view the ocean and land and still be hidden.

For the most part, the ocean was empty and dead, unfortunately for us it was too dead. After forty-five minutes we changed course and headed due north. Eilidh grew restless and tugged back her head.

"\*\*\_I smell something\_\*\*," she shifted carefully. I pressed close to her head and squinted. Just ahead of us, sailing in the direction of the Dragon Refuge, was an armada unlike anything I'd seen before. I recognised the cold steeliness that accompanied each of Drago Bludvist's ships. Eilidh grew even more restless and growled, pushing ahead to circle around the ships.

The ship at the very front had large, thick chains pulled out to the front and underwater where \_something was pulling it\_.

"We have to warn Valka," I whispered. Eilidh's spine shivered and she went to rise again when I steadied a warning hand on her neck.

"Wait," I said harshly. "Move up, the first ship."

Eilidh flew ahead again so she was steady above the first ship. I nudged her forward and she skimmed through the clouds before landing on the ice glaciers beside the ships. At the far end of the ship, a small group of people were tied up and being pushed towards the raging waters.

"Well, here's hoping they're friends," I said to Eilidh, "\_\*\*You drop me over there, fly back to Valka and warn her.\*\*\_"

Eilidh shuffled in anger and snapped at me over her shoulder.

"\*\*\_I will not leave you\_\*\*," she growled. I stroked her neck in comfort.

"Please, I'm going to help them," I said. "Drop me in there and go to Valka, \_\*\*for the sake of the dragons and your life\*\*\_."

"\*\*\_What about your life\_\*\*?" she hissed. I looked up and the first of the group was being pushed over to the edge.

"Eilidh now, there's no time to argue please," I stressed. She turned back around and settled her sights on the restless man at the front. "Remember, stealthily please."

She grumbled in understanding before leaping up into the clouds and circling around to the back of the ship.

"\*\*\_You know what to say to her\_\*\*," I said, standing up on her back. "\*\*\_I will be back\_\*\*."

She growled and spun onto her back. I pulled my battle-axe from my back as I fell. None of the guards nor the prisoners noticed as I dropped towards them. It seemed the man at the very front had the same idea as me, swinging around and standing tall.

"Duck!" the man growled at a blonde woman. She dropped to her knees and he kicked at the head of the one of the guards, rendering him unconscious. I landed beside him and hit the other guard with the blunt of my axe.

I cut the bindings off the man and he picked up the fallen staff of one of the guards, cutting the bonds off the blonde prisoner."

"Get him you son of Erik," another blonde woman with braids crooned. Three guards rushed the pair of us head on and he easily took out the first two, leaving me with the third. He was down the instant the blunt end of my axe hit his forehead.

A large blonde man jumped onto another guard, taking him down with a large thump. The last guard took one look at his fallen buddies and ran in the other direction. I rolled my eyes and pulled one of the daggers out of my boot, flinging it in his direction. The hilt caught him square in the back of the neck and he dropped like a stone.

"Okay I love you again," the blonde braids spoke up, running over to the man beside me.

I froze when I recognised the voice beside me that surprisingly said;

"You!"

I swung around and met the annoyed face of Eret. I scrunched my nose up in disgust.

"I saved you?" I sneered. "Gods, maybe this was a bad idea. Drago finally realise how useless you are?"

"He's not useless," argued the blonde braids. "He's everything that includes awesome."

I rolled my eyes and elbowed past a woman with thickly spun blonde hair to retrieve my dagger.

"Hey watch it!" she shouted, spinning around. I picked up my dagger and faced the now freed prisoners, blinking in surprise at the fact the woman was actually a man. I pushed up my mask and he blinked.

He cleared his throat and stepped forward, hands still tied behind his back. "I meant, hey, pretty girl."

"You're a dude," I said in surprise. The blonde braids girl that looked exactly like him chuckled from beside another blonde woman and Eret.

"She thought you were a girl," she chortled. I rolled my eyes and walked up the boy, slicing through the rope easily.

"The name's Tuffnut," he said, grasping onto my wrist. "The awesomer twin."

"Right," I said, sending a look to the other people. "Niya, pleasure."

"Astrid," the blonde girl with the leather headband said.

"Ruffnut, the even awesomer twin," said the blonde braids.

"And those two are Fishlegs and Snotlout," said Astrid, rubbing at the red marks around her wrists. "May I ask who you are?"

"Friend of the dragons," I said, tucking my dagger back in my boot. I crouched on the ground and stared around at the dragon traps everywhere with a glare. "And an enemy of Drago Bludvist. That's all you need to know."

I rose to my feet quickly and stared at Eret with confusion.

"What changed your mind?" I asked him. He shrugged.

"My life was on the line, what do you think?"

"Uh guys," piped up the man named Fishlegs, "need I remind you we are still on Drago Bludvist's ship and our dragons are caged?"

"Dragon riders?" I nodded to them with a slight smile. "Join the expanding club."

"Check every trap," Eret stated, moving ahead of the small group, "Your dragons are bound to be here somewhere."

"Speaking of dragons," the man name Snotlout asked, "What did \_you\_ fly in on?"

"You were virtually invisible," Fishlegs said, "The only dragon I know with that much stealth is-

"A Night Fury," I confirmed.

"Which is impossible for him not be seen," Fishlegs said. "It's broad daylight with, you know, a few clouds but still."

"\_She\_," I stressed, "is an albino Night Fury, she can easily blend in with the cloud cover."

"Brilliant," Fishlegs squealed, clapping his hands together excitedly, "Oh wait until Hiccup sees this."

"Hiccup?" I questioned. "and his Night Fury Toothless?"

"You've met Hiccup?" Astrid asked.

"I was with him and his mother not an hour ago," I shrugged. Their faces all dropped into confused ones.

"Hiccup's motherâ€¦|\_died\_, when we were \_kids,\_" Fishlegs whispered. I grinned.

"Oh no she didn't," I said cheekily. "You should see her; honestly she's more dragon than human at times. Although I am one to talk." I chuckled to myself.

"Are you guys done with your little chat because I thought we were saving your dragons," Eret stated, lazily picking at his fingernails. Astrid rolled her eyes and jogged over to the first trap she was close to, climbing up it easily as if it were a walk in the field.

I eyed the steely traps and leapt up onto the side of one in particular, easily pulling myself up by fitting my fingers into the small grooves. I stopped when I was almost to the top and kicked out my leg to kit the crank, knocking the lever just far enough that it opened the top the slightest bit. I jammed my dagger down into the crank so it stuck before pushing myself up. I peered through the crack and smiled down at the monstrous nightmare that hissed up at me. I pushed open the trap further and dropped down, holding my hands out in a sign of peace towards the dragon. It pulled back against its chains and bared its teeth.

"\*\*\_I am here to help\_\*\*," I soothed, crouching low as I crept forward with my hands still out. The dragon seemed to shiver before blinking and edged forward.

"\_\*\*Then get me out of here\*\*\_," he said, bumping his nose against my hand. I grinned and pulled out my axe and swung down at the chains keeping the dragon.

Eilidh flew swiftly, speeding through the clouds and keeping her destination in mind.

\_Have to warn Valka\_, she repeated. She beat her pale wings harshly



against the wind and pushed further, roaring loudly with anger. Her thoughts turned back to her human, that she'd dropped into the enemy's army. It was idiotic and stupid; a few humans could easily be replaced. They just caused more danger to dragons in the long run.

\_But it is still better to have many on our side\_, she grumbled in her mind. She flew down and out of the cloud cover, roaring once more at the sight of the dragon refuge. Spinning as she dropped, she braced herself for the tight turns inside the mountain, emerging out before landing on the mountain entrance ledge. She sniffed at the air before flying off and down, landing on a different ledge and running into Valka's quarters.

Toothless turned at her noisy entrance and tilted his sleek black head to the side, green eyes questioning the loss of her rider.

Eilidh mewed and rubbed her pale head against the ground, eyes burning. Hiccup came to her side and rubbed her neck, which she gratefully accepted. Valka turned away from her husband long enough to catch sight of the pale dragon without the girl. She stilled and Stoic and Gobber turned to see what she was gawking at.

"Another Night Fury," Stoic boomed, holding his hands out to Eilidh. She flinched and stepped back, only to be pushed forward by Toothless.

"Where's Niya?" Valka frantically asked.

"\*\*\_The dragon conqueror\_\*\*," was all she said. "\*\*\_There were humans captured, she believed they were dragon friends\_\*\*." \*\*\_He is coming. His has many boats being pulled by chains. He comes for the refuge.\_\*\*"

"Oh that stupid girl," Valka moaned, grabbing her mask, shield and staff. Stoic and Gobber sent each other a look.

"What's going on?" Stoic asked. "Who is this Niya?"

Valka stopped and turned to her husband. "She was brought here ten years ago as a young girl. She's as much a daughter to me as Hiccup is my son and she's snuck into the enemy's armada. What's worse," she turned to Hiccup, who gripped tight onto the necks of both Night Furies in comfort "Drago Bludvist comes to the us."

From outside the cave, dragons flew off their perches and screeched. Toothless and Eilidh shuffled restlessly and led the humans out of the cave.

"Toothless," Hiccup questioned, following his dragon. Cloudjumper also sat on the edge of the cliff and they all stared out at the nervous and frightened dragons taking flight and frantically calling out amidst their bodies.

Eilidh shook her head in disbelief. Whatever had been pulling the armada was as fast under water as she was out of it, which was a difficult feat to beat itself.

There was the sound of canons and catapults, large rocks hitting hard

against the ice mountain. Valka pushed past them all and went up through a stone pathway, worried lines settled deep into her features.

Eilidh roared and they all followed the woman, out into the icy ledges of the mountain, facing the open sea. Which did not seem so open anymore. The armada had made itself at home on the shores of the island, Vikings and Barbarians lining up on the rocky shores, catapults and steel traps accompanied them. Behind them stood the armada consisting of hundreds of large ships.

Valka shook her head in anger, gripping her fists tightly by her side. Stoic and Hiccup came up behind her, staring down at Drago Bludvist's army. She pushed past them but Stoic grabbed for her arm.

"No," he said forcefully, "no! It's alright, we're a team now. Now what do you want to do?"

Valka shook her head. "Eilidh, you must find Niya. Stoic, we must save the dragons."

The pale Night Fury tilted her head in understanding. Stoic nodded his head and followed after his wife's retreating figure.

"Aye," he agreed. "Got it. Come on, son!"

\* \* \*

><p>Well school's back unfortunately. Worst part is its my last semester and my hardest. Luckily I have the entire plan for this story written out, including post movie. As I said at the top, I will be updating soon. So, as per usual I will say, please review, favourite and follow. The reviewing would be much appreciated thanks!<p>

#### 4. Chapter 4

All recognised characters belong to their beloved creators.

#### CHAPTER FOUR

#### THE GAIN AND LOSS OF A CHIEF

SONGS - Hiccup Confronts Drago and Stoick Saves Hiccup by John Powell

NOTE - Okay it's been two weeks and I'm sorry, but I have officially entered the most important term of grade 12 and man was I not expecting that much of a bucket-load of work. I was expecting it yes, but yeesh. I am super, super sorry. I am instantly writing the next chapter while I have this freedom so I can upload it soon.

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><p>Outside of the steely trap I could hear the scraping sounds of metal on rock as we were dragged up onto a beach. The dragon named Hookfang growled from behind me and nuzzled my back. I scrunched my nose at the terrible smell around us. The metal encasement around us

stopped moving and I crouched down, out of Hookfang's way. Warriors' cries erupted around us and the sound of metal clanging gave signal to the start of a bloody fight.<p>

"Now," I said. Hookfang snarled and lit himself up, smashing up and through the metal trap. He picked at the enemy Vikings on the ground, snapping at them with his sharp teeth and breathing fire over their heads. He turned to look at me as I swung my axe at a sneering woman and knocked her down.

I climbed up onto his back from his tail and he took up into the air. One of the traps below us was seeping out green gas and the twins on the heads of their zippleback burst out of it.

"Surprise!" Tuffnut cried out to the Vikings below. I rolled my eyes and held onto Hookfang as he turned and swooped, snatching up his rider from between the shoulders of the zippleback.

"Hey, watch it!" Ruffnut sneered, ducking as Hookfang's claws sailed over her head and onto the shoulders of his rider. He chucked him up and Snotlout landed sloppily behind me, grasping onto my shoulder as he pulled himself upright.

"Sorry babe," Snotlout called back. Ruffnut growled as the twins took off away from us. I stood up in a crouch and swung myself around Snotlout so I stood behind him and he took back control of his dragon.

I caught the sight of a familiar black mane and his dark skin and I cringed at the first look of my father in ten years. He was towering over fallen dragons and snarling with animalistic, guttural noises so loud I could hear them from the sky, amidst the battle.

A familiar whistling in the air caught my attention and I stood up behind Snotlout.

"Woah, woah what are you doing?" he said frantically, turning his head to look up at me. I grinned down at him as I ran down Hookfang's back and leapt off the monstrous nightmare.

I landed on Eilidh's back and grinned happily at the familiar motions of her lither body flying through the air.

"\*\*\_Do not leave me again\_\*\*," Eilidh growled at me over her shoulder. I crouched and scratched behind her flaps.

"\*\*\_As long as you promise to never leave me\_\*\*," I answered back. Eilidh roared over to me and shot down, shooting a plasma blast at one of the traps and letting loose two dragons. We zoomed past the zippleback and its riders, taking out a catapult below us.

"Hey that was ours!" Ruffnut shouted. Eilidh swooped back to glide beside them as I lifted my mask to grin at the twins.

"Too slow," I flipped my mask back down and slid myself firmly onto Eilidh's back as she took off once more. We dodged flying rocks and spears as we took out as many crossbows, catapults and traps as we could. The twins' zippleback let loose a long stream of gas and Astrid's Nadder lit it, setting free the remaining captured dragons.

Drago roared from his position on the ground and slammed his spear beside him.

"Take them down!" He snarled fiercely. One of the few crossbows that had survived aimed towards Eilidh and shot out a large set of bolas. Eilidh twisted to the left so that it missed us; however it still knocked Ruffnut off of the back of her zippleback head.

"Eret son of Eret!" she cried out as she fell. The two dragon riders Fishleg's and Snotlout caught her waving arms and carried her to safety. I rolled my eyes as I turned back around and urged Eilidh to make her way to the mountain.

"We need to find Valka," I said. Eilidh snorted and shook her head. Eret and Astrid's nadder was swerving amidst the rocky structure of the mountain and barely missed the shards of ice that exploded around them as more dragon riders burst forth from the mountain.

No one could miss the look of excitement and adoration that crossed Astrid's face as Hiccup and Toothless spun down and took out traps left, right and centre.

A large man with a long, blonde moustache on the back of an even large rumblehorn took out archers easily as he flew low over the heads of the Vikings. It was an amusing sight indeed on the battlefield and I laughed lightly at the sight of them.

Eilidh grumbled below me and took a sharp turn backwards so we flew back towards the mountain. Cloudjumper rose from between the rock and ice mass and Eilidh strained her wings so we hovered before him. Valka tilted her head in greeting.

"You're alive I see," she said. I grinned at the note of relief in her voice, despite her vague words.

"Ach, you can't get rid of me that easily you know," I chuckled back. I noticed the familiar head of the alpha bewilderbeast behind her and smiled as Ol' Snowy rose from the depths of his refuge. Eilidh brought herself around to fly beside Valka and Cloudjumper and I sat myself upright as the Alpha roared greatly behind us, his icy breath chilling me to the core.

"They will never stand a chance against our dragons," Valka said confidently. I nodded and grabbed the axe from my back and held it tightly in my right arm. The armada below us was large, but our dragons were larger and reigned free.

Eilidh and Cloudjumper moved forward in sync as the Alpha smashed down ice and rock behind us with his large tusks, roaring angrily with disdain at the sight of the war before him.

Eilidh dodged in time as Ol' Snowy sent a large stream of ice upon the Viking army. I patted her neck and urged her down, leaning over her side as I lopped at the hands of Vikings who were loading weapons. One of them got a good nick on my shoulder but I kicked him down as we past. I hissed at the pain and ground my teeth as I swapped hands, gripping my axe with my left hand.

Valka had motioned and communicated to the dragons with her

dragonese-staff, calling for readied arms and ordering the zipplebacks forwards. The zipplebacks in turn lit themselves up and turned in on themselves so they rolled across the ground, taking down soldiers as the flames licked the ground.

One of the zipplebacks was taken down by a steel net trap that clapped down fast around the dragon, trapping it between the metal and the ice. It was too fast for the dragon to react and it cried out hopelessly to the dragons that flew overhead. Toothless and Hiccup zoomed down to it and I nodded firmly at the comforting sight. It definitely was great to have more than just Valka and myself riding up in the skies.

Eilidh pulled herself to a stop and I stood up slightly from my position turning to see Cloudjumper and Valka crash to the ground with a large net and bolas encasing them. Eilidh roared and twisted around and dove down after them. Valka was thrown from Cloudjumper's back and tumbled to the ground, her staff still held in her hands. She slid up onto her knees as she came to a stop and Eilidh herself stopped from taking me down there.

"Eilidh, we need to get down there, now," I said frantically, digging the heel of my foot into her side. She snapped back at me and I watched with wide eyes as Valka faced off Drago himself. She raised the tip of her staff at Eilidh and I; a warning to not interfere.

Eilidh swooped down instead beside Cloudjumper and I slid from her back, placing my axe back onto my back and instead taking out one of my knives. His wise face turned to mine as I cut at the ropes around him.

"Hey, almost done," I huffed as I sawed at the rope. Cloudjumper's beaks clicked and he raised his head with alertness as he looked over my shoulder. I even felt Eilidh behind me shift uncomfortably at the abominable roar that erupted from the armada's ships.

"Oh the Gods are not with us on this day," I whispered with dread. Drago had brought his own alpha bewilderbeast, a challenger to the throne.

Cloudjumper clicked with unrest behind me.

"\*\*\_We must help our Alpha\_\*\*," he said gruffly, leaning down to nudge my shoulder. The dark bewilderbeast shook water down onto the ground before him as he stomped and crushed everything as he made his way to our Alpha.

Cloudjumper's head snapped around and I followed his line of sight, where Drago was stalking down the fallen Valka. I dropped the knife from my hands and grasped frantically at my battle-axe as I ran over to them. There was still much distance and I pushed myself to run faster as he stood harshly on her chest and ripped off her mask with the tip of his spear. I was almost upon them when a large man with fiery red hair slammed into Drago's side and knocked him off of Valka. I slid across the ice to kneel beside her, looking over her for injuries.

"I'm alright, Niya," she soothed, sitting up from the ground. The red-haired man offered a hand to us both and pulled us up easily.

"Thank you," she said to him.

"For you my dear, anything," he smiled. I tilted my head and resisted the urge to lift my mask when he looked at me. "You must be Niya. A daughter of my wife is a daughter of mine."

I smiled up at him and the three of us turned to Drago who pushed himself up from the ice and scrutinised us all. I pushed down the violent shiver that fought to rise at being so close to my Father.

The red-haired man moved forward as Drago pushed his shoulders back, the two men circling each other like cats fighting for their territory. Though they were no mere kitty cats.

"Is that-"

"yes," Valka breathed, smiling at her husband. I went through my memory before settling upon the name Stoick to fit the red-haired man, well chief, before me.

There was a loud clashing as the two bewilderbeasts rammed their tusks together, battling each other ferociously on the shores of the refuge. Vikings and dragons alike scattered so they would not be maimed or killed amidst the colossal fight.

"Do you think you can stop-"

"I can do my best," Valka interrupted Stoick, rattling her staff quickly. Cloudjumper and Eilidh landed behind us, faces void of emotion. Valka leapt onto the back of her dragon and Eilidh nipped at the back of my shirt in warning as I stared down Drago. The man who shared my blood merely sneered at the sight of us, not knowing that his daughter stood defiantly before him.

I jumped up onto Eilidh's back and we took off after Cloudjumper and Valka, leaving the chiefs to battle out whatever differences they held.

The Alpha's still held their tusks locked together, both of them roaring aggressively as they chomped down on air, fighting to get a hold of one another. Eilidh and I both winced as Valka and Cloudjumper came up between the faces of the Alpha's and tried to stop them both, yet they resisted wholeheartedly.

Eilidh shot a blast onto the back legs of the dark alpha but Ol' Snowy roared angrily, quite obviously warning us to stay out of it.

"This is their fight," I said, "There is nothing we can do but hold faith that we will win. We will win."

Eilidh roared with horror as the dark Alpha knocked our Alpha skywards and rammed his head down on Ol' Snowy's neck, trapping him between the tusks. I stood on Eilidh's back and screamed out with warning. Valka looked up at me before turning to the Alphas, clasping a hand over her mouth.

The dark alpha pushed Ol' Snowy backwards, tossing him down to the ground with a hard shove. Our Alpha gave one last cry out into the

open air before the dark Alpha rammed his tusks into his side.

"\*\*\_No!\_\*\*" I screamed out. Many airborne dragons turned their heads at the sound of their language and I clenched my hands around my battle-axe. The dark Alpha rose from the side of our dead Alpha, raising his head in triumph and calling out to the dragons, calling out to them all to recognise their new alpha. The new King.

I dropped down harshly onto Eilidh's back, leading her away from the call of the new alpha, desperate to get away from the brainwashed dragons and onto the ground to protect her. Eilidh swooped over the heads of Stoick and Drago, the latter raised his spear in acknowledgment of his champion bewilderbeast and shouted; "Finish her!"

He pointed his spear once again in the direction of Valka. Eilidh twisted back around and swooped low again to grab at Stoick's arms as he started running in his wife's direction.

"We'll get to her, don't worry," I shouted down to him, leaning over Eilidh's side to meet his frantic gaze. He nodded to me and set his sights back again on Valka and Cloudjumper. The three of us cried out as Cloudjumper's tail was encased with ice from the breath of the new alpha. His flying was put out but he still flew skywards, though struggle he did.

"Come on Gobber!" Stoick shouted beneath us at the large blond man with the prosthetic leg and arm. He raised his left arm, well mace, in acknowledgement and hurried after us. A rumblehorn travelled just behind Eilidh, a straight-backed, empty seat attached to a saddle on its back. Stoick's dragon.

We dodged many dragons but still pushed forward. I winced as Valka slid from Cloudjumper's back, but she caught her hands in a groove, dangling precariously from his side. The new Alpha turned his head as they pulled up just before him, tilting it to the side to glare at the ones he was to kill.

Valka slipped from her hold on Cloudjumper and Eilidh roared in terror.

"Throw me!" Stoick demanded. Eilidh flung him forwards and he caught Valka, slamming them both into the side of the mountain. He fought to let his axe get a good grip in the ice as they slid down, the sharp blade slowing their fall. The pair of them reached the base and Stoick pulled his wife behind a structure of rock to hide them.

"\*\*\_You know what to do\_\*\*," I said to Eilidh. She hissed and shot a plasma blast at the face of the bewilderbeast to draw its attention away from the hidden couple. It turned its attention to us and Eilidh pulled up to swoop over and around its head. I laughed as we circled the alpha, confusing its attention and keeping its gaze on us.

The alpha finally grew frustrated and shook its head violently, knocking us from our course. I heard Valka's cry somewhere below as I slipped from Eilidh's back. I winced at the force and tried not to focus on the ground coming up to greet me. I heard that familiar whistling sound yet still braced myself for impact, even when I felt

Eilidh's claws grip around my waist I was still tense. She dropped me onto the ground and came down beside me, nuzzling my side softly. It was most definitely going to bruise judging by the impact of her heroic gesture.

"\*\*\_Sorry\_\*\*," she apologised. I shook my head and swept a hand through my hair, pulling my fingers out quickly when they got caught in the windswept knots. Just before us I could see Hiccup confronting Drago, or as it seemed the other way around as Drago circled Valka's son like a predator preparing for his meal. I adjusted my mask, making sure it sat securely on the upper features of my face.

"Stay close," I said to Eilidh, walking up behind Drago's back. Hiccup's eyes caught mine for a moment before shooting back to the large man before him. Drago had undone latches on left shoulder and I frowned as he took off a metal prosthetic arm. That definitely was not there ten years ago. Eilidh whined and shook herself behind me as she gazed at Drago's back. I took in the long, sweeping cape that he had gotten on one trip he'd taken when I was a little girl. To me then, it was just a foreign leather of an unknown animal. Now I recognised it as the dark skin of a Night Fury. If I had been disgusted with him before, no words could describe the feeling of hatred that grew within.

"I saw my village burn," Drago sneered, moving forwards and causing Hiccup to take steps backwards. "My family taken, but even as a boy I was left with nothing, bound to rise from the fear of dragons."

He paused as he caught sight of me, standing shortly before them both and gripping my axe with my left hand. He sneered over to me from beside Hiccup.

"My men have told me of you, the little birdie," he chuckled darkly, noting my mask and its beak that stopped just over my nose. "Yet I never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

He bowed low mockingly and I grit my teeth.

"The perfect little pair, aren't you," he sneered once more. "The Dragon Master and the Dragon Saviour; the son of Stoick the Vast and, well."

I chuckled as I moved over slowly to stand beside Hiccup. Eilidh growled and bounded over to stand beside Toothless, making a wide berth around Drago. His gaze narrowed on my Night Fury, his teeth bared.

"I know that dragon," he hissed. I reached up and took off my mask, dropping it to the ground beside me.

"Then you'd know me as well," I said, kicking the mask forward to his feet. "The daughter of Drago Bludvist."

I heard Hiccup choke on air beside me and Drago's face took on the most ridiculous expression I'd ever seen on the mighty warrior.

"Stop this now," I said firmly.

"You were dead," he said disbelievingly. His nose scrunched up and



his face contorted with rage. "You were dead! This is how you repay your dead mother! By siding with these beasts that took everything from our village!"

"They meant no harm," I shouted back at him. He slammed his spear into the ground beside him and roared. "Valka bore you open to me, she told me the truth of your exploits! They came to our village because of you!"

"They are beasts that need controlling," he growled.

"No Drago," I said stiffly. "You're the beast that needs controlling."

He took a faltered step back and shook his dark mane of hair. One could see the family resemblance in both of our hair shades and skin tones. The only difference was my face and body structure, which followed heavily in the likeness of my mother. I knew as he scrutinised me from head to toe that I reminded him much of his dead wife now than what I had looked like ten years ago.

"You are not my daughter," he sneered.

"As you are not my father."

He bared his teeth to us and grabbed a hold of his spear, turning his back to us and instead looking up at the Alpha that had climbed up the side of the mountain, snapping around its head fiercely at any dragons that had tried to defy its call.

"I will save and protect the people of this world," he growled low, rolling his shoulders.

"Then why a dragon army," Hiccup interceded, stepping forward to stand beside me. Drago cracked his fists and spun around on his feet.

"You need dragons to conquer other dragons," he smiled sadistically.

"Or maybe you need dragons to conquer other people," Hiccup spoke louder. I tightened the grip on the axe in my hand and pushed back my shoulders to stare defiantly at my father, encouraging Hiccup to go on. "To control those who follow you and to get rid of those who won't."

Drago only chuckled, the severe scars darkening across his face as his shoulders shook with menacing laughter. "Clever boy."

"The world wants peace," Hiccup continued, placing his hands down and taking a step back so he could stand beside Toothless. "Let me show you, we have the answer back on Berk. Just, let me show you."

"No!" Drago shouted, sweeping back his cape of dragon skin and pointing his spear up at the Alpha. "Let me show you."

He let out a maniacal cry, throwing back his head and screaming loud enough I was sure those who dined on Valhalla could hear him themselves. He spun the spear around his head and the Alpha turned towards Drago, making his way slowly but surefootedly down to our

position on the ground.

I sent back a look to Eilidh who peered from over Toothless' back, shaking her scaly head once. I nodded back and knew she would get to me when the chance arrived.

"No dragon can resist the Alpha call," Drago taunted cruelly. "So he who controls the Alpha, controls them all."

He pointed over to the two Night Furies, both of which lowered their heads slightly in submission to the overbearing man. I shook my head in fear.

"No you can't, stop this," I said harshly. Drago laughed and the Alpha stared down upon the Furies of Day and Night, calling to them with the clicking and hissing of his antennae.

I saw Eilidh slam her head into the snow beside Toothless who was doing the same. She pawed at her head and whined low and long.

"Stop this, now!" I roared, raising the axe in my hand and running at my Father. He spun the spear in his hands and jabbed the blunt end of it in my stomach, knocking me down. I hit my head against the ice and stared up at the sky in a daze.

I could hear Hiccup frantically speaking to Toothless and I rolled onto my side, gripping at my stomach and wincing as Drago came up and stood on my hand so I released the grip on my axe.

"In the face of it," he was saying, pointing his spear at Hiccup. "You are nothing."

I took in Toothless' slitted eyes before he snapped his head to his rider, bearing down on the man that was his friend. Eilidh herself came up from behind Toothless and stood tall, bowing her head down to the Alpha.

"What have you done?" I yelled, punching his ankle with my free hand. "Let me go, let me go!"

Drago laughed and took his foot from my hand before reaching down and grabbing at the fabric of my shirt, pulling me up so I dangled in the air before him. My feet just scratched the ground beneath me.

"You think because these creatures stole from you, you should steal from them?" I hissed at him.

"Fair, isn't it?" he growled. "They take my life and I take away their freedom, their right of will. They are mine."

"They are their own beings," I struggled, scratching at his hands.

"Buddy, what's going on?" I could hear Hiccup saying. I kicked out a leg but failed to meet skin. Drago laughed and I moved my head, meeting Eilidh's distant and empty glare.

"\*\*\_Stop this, stop this now\_\*\*," I spoke to her. She tilted her head and growled at me, her head flaps quivering to the tune of the Alpha's call. "Eilidh \*\_this is not you\_\*\*."

She only continued to growl harsher and Drago grabbed at my chin, moving my gaze to meet his once more.

"They killed our family and took you away from me," he sneered. "Yet you still move to protect them. Your mother is dead, those babies were killed, your uncle is dead; because of them."

"No Dad," I huffed out from between his greasy fingers. "Because of you. You lured the dragons to our island, you hunted them down so they hunted you. They were protecting themselves."

"Come on Toothless, knock it off," Hiccup's cry came from somewhere behind me. I gripped onto the forearms of my father and glared up at him.

"Stop it Drago, don't do this," I said. "You said you wanted to protect the people from dragons."

He chuckled and dropped me to the ground, taking a step back.

"The world can survive with a few less for the cause I suppose," he growled, turning his back to me. Eilidh stalked past me and joined the side of Drago, her tale swishing as she walked away from me.

"Hiccup!" Stoick's mighty cry echoed across the ice. I scrambled to my feet and sent one more lingering look at Eilidh's retreating figure before diving for my battle-axe. I slipped as I got to my feet and steadied myself on my hands before pushing up onto my feet, ignoring the pounding in my ribs and head and stumbling across the ground.

"Dad, no!" Hiccup cried. There was a bright light as Toothless fired a plasma blast and I quickened my pace, steadying the grip on my axe.

I rounded the corner and slid across the ice on my knees, chucking my axe to the side as I came to a stop beside Toothless, who was heaving in deep breathes, smoke seeping from the sides of his mouth. Hiccup instantly sat up and looked over to his father, who lay still on his side.

"Dad?" he asked. I felt my chest clench as I realised what had happened. Hiccup stood quickly to his feet and rushed to the side of Stoick, sweeping off rubble and ice that had fallen on the chief.

"No, no Dad," he said frantically. I got up and went over to help him move the larger rocks, pushing Stoick onto his back.

"Dad!" Hiccup cried out hopelessly, as we tried to push him onto his back. Valka came running up to us, her breath hitching as she looked down at her husband and son.

"Stoick," she whispered. She came over to help us move him over, sitting close to Hiccup as the pair of them searched for life. Valka pressed her ear close to his chest and Hiccup shook his head, muttering hopelessly.

"No," he whispered. Valka sobbed and sat up, looking up to meet her son's eyes and shaking her head softly. "No!"

Toothless growled and I watched him shake his head, regaining his senses around him as he left the Alpha's control.

"Oh Gods above," I spoke softly. The other dragon riders swooped down upon their dragons. Astrid slid from her Nadder's back and instantly ran to the side of Hiccup. The blonde man named Gobber and everyone came then, to see their fallen chief. I stood up from his side and took a step back. This was neither my place nor my business. I didn't know the man, so I left him to those who did.

Toothless nudged past me and I let him go, walking past Fishleg's, Snotlout, Eret and the twins, instead focusing on the retreating backs of Drago and Eilidh.

"\_Let her go\_" I cried out harshly. The twins and Eret jumped at my tone and let me pass as I stalked the back of my father, weaponless. "You foul, pathetic excuse for a man! What would your wife say? What would Brietta say to this all?!"

He stopped but did not face me. "Brietta is dead. She died with my remorse and my compassion."

He continued on, Eilidh taking to the air obediently at the call of the Alpha. I shouted curses at his back and fell to my knees, trying desperately to keep Eilidh in my sight as she turned her back on me.

"It's not her fault," I whispered to myself, my heart breaking at the sight of another member of my family being torn from my life.

My hair blew over my shoulder as a hulking shape tried to take to the air. Toothless landed to the ground again, his red tail fin closed in on itself as he tried to take to the air with the other dragons under the Alpha's call. The dragons of the riders behind me all flew above Toothless and took to the skies.

We had lost. The world was ripe for the taking now, at the hands of Drago Bludvist and his dragons.

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><p>Unfortunately last chapter, I received no new reviews which was a bum. Cause that was two weeks ago. So anywho, please review, favourite and follow. It would be much appreciated thank you!<p>

## 5. Chapter 5

All recognised characters belong to their beloved creators.

### CHAPTER FIVE

#### TWO NEW ALPHAS

SONGS - Stoick's Ship and Two New Alphas by John Powell

NOTE - Well here's another upload. Hopefully I can squeeze in writing another chapter but considering the work load, who knows. This story IS NOT finished, this is just the end of the movie. I've still got a lot to do because the more I thought about this, the more ideas I got.

\* \* \*

><p>I stood silently, the last person in the row of few people that stood with sorrowful hearts. We each grasped a long bow in our arms, watching over the funeral procession with a solemn gaze. Everyone had tear tracks staining their cheeks, all but Eret and I. Even the twins, in those few moments I had spent with them, held pitiful gazes and reddened eyes.<p>

Hiccup stood at the edge of the beach, Valka and Gobber standing just behind him. Gobber was giving the traditional funeral speech, speaking of the Gods and wishing safe travels to Valhalla to the man who had only spoken few words in my presence.

\_You must be Niya. A daughter of my wife is a daughter of mine.\_

That was it, the only words of meaning he had spoken. I couldn't grieve this man though. I did not know him.

Gobber handed Hiccup a more ornate bow than the rest of us, it must have belonged to a captain on the fields that had fallen. Hiccup knelt and lit the tip of the arrow in the embers of a fire before him and stood back up, rolling his shoulders back as he raised his head to glare out into the smokey haze that was slowly enveloping Stoick's funeral ship. He aimed high and true and let loose the fiery arrow. Its tip plunged into the wood and began the blaze that would take Stoick's body from this world. Gobber nodded to us and we all lit our arrows, aiming high up into the air and firing.

"I'm sorry dad," Hiccup said. I stepped forward, the bow still held tight in my hands. The twins snuffled loudly from beside me and Tuffnut wiped messily at his face.

"Hiccup, Valka," I said softly, coming up to them. "I am so sorry."

"This is not your fault," Valka said. Hiccup looked over his shoulder at us and I shook my head.

"It may not be," I said, "But you lost your father because of mine."

I set the bow down at Hiccup's feet and nodded my head. Valka gripped my shoulder tight and brought me close. I put an arm around her waist in comfort, allowing her to rest her head on mine. Her tears mixed with my hair and I closed my eyes. This was not how this day was supposed to end.

"I'm not the chief that you wanted me to be," Hiccup started, speaking out to the large expanse of ocean. "And I'm not the peacekeeper that I was. I don't knowâ€|"

His voice hitched and I opened my eyes to look up at the young man

standing before us all. Valka squeezed my shoulder and let go, moving forwards to stand beside her son. I moved back, leaving their private session to themselves.

I groaned and moved away from the small gathering, heading back over to where it all went wrong. I kicked aside the debris, my entire body aching from the battle.

"Of everything he could have done with his life," I snarled, "he had to go and take it out on dragons."

I kicked harshly at a large stone and yelped at the pain that instantly shot up from my big toe.

"Gods be damned," I cursed, falling back onto the rock and grasping my foot. From beside me, something glistened in the last light of the day and I reached down, brushing aside the rocks that covered it. It was my axe. I pulled it up from the dirt and wiped away at its dirty surface. The dirt crowded still in the etchings in the blade.

\_Be strong, fight long\_.

The words of my village and my father. I sighed heavily out of my nose and stood up, holding the axe with my right arm and wincing at the strain on my shoulder where the cut sat still untreated.

"Be strong," I said softly, "Fight long."

I nodded to myself as I turned back to the way I came, heading back over to the others where they still stood; watching the very last views of the fiery boat.

I came to stand beside Astrid, whose eyes were still glistening in the flame.

"A chief protects his own," Hiccup announced, turning to face us all. "We're going back, to Berk."

Astrid grinned from beside me and I smiled.

"Uh, with what?" Tuffnut spoke up.

"Uh, he took all of our dragons," Ruffnut continued. Hiccup smirked and I caught onto his idea.

"Not all of them," he said.

"Uh, yeah all of them," Tuffnut said. Even Astrid shook her head with confusion.

"The babies," I explained. "They never listened to our Alpha, why would they listen to Drago's?"

Even Valka cracked a smile at the thought of the younger winged reptiles that still sat within the refuge.

"Of course," she said, squeezing Hiccup's shoulder. I began the trek first towards the mountain. I went to flip down my mask out of habit but my hand grasped air and my stomach dropped.

I ignored the fallen bodies of dragons and Vikings that had not survived the battle, instead focusing intently on making my way to mountain.

"This way," I called over my shoulder. I ducked under a mass of ice and stopped. The pathway up was covered in rubble. I sighed heavily and began to move the biggest pieces of rock and ice I could out of the way. The ten of us rolled up our sleeves and heaved away at the rocks, clearing the path. It took a good twenty minutes and we were all sweating by the time we stopped.

"Ugh what's that smell?" Tuffnut sneered getting up off his knees. "It's totally you."

He went to shove his sister but she ducked backwards and Tuffnut ended up slamming his hand into my aching shoulder. I hissed in pain and whirled around, punching him square in the jaw. He looked surprised as he stared up at the sky from the ground, unblinking.

"Woah," was all he said.

"Well that's one way to shut up the twins," Hiccup shrugged. Ruffnut was guffawing with laughter, leaning heavily onto Eret who looked like he wanted to be anywhere but Ruffnut's side.

I gripped my shoulder and rotated it, grinding my teeth at the pain. \_I really should check out that cut\_, I thought. I walked up to Valka who shook her head and chuckled.

"Met your match, have we dear?" she teased. I gnashed my teeth at her and cracked my neck, moving ahead to lead the group forwards. Her laughter echoed after me in the tunnel pathway.

The further up we went in the mountain, the louder the chattering and chirping of the dragon young got. I broke into a run and burst up into the large ledge, where many dragons were busy chattering and looking about wildly. They all look lost. They may have not listened to orders but that didn't mean they didn't acknowledge them. A young gronckle squealed and bounded over to me when I came up onto the ledge. It bowled straight into my legs and I knelt down, scratching it under its chin. It purred happily, kicking out one of its back legs.

"That's not big enough to ride," Snotlout said as the others came up. "How do you expect us to ride that?"

He motioned down to the wide eyed baby gronckle that sat drooling at my feet.

"We won't be riding the gronckles, birdbrain, we'll fly the scuttleclaws," I said. Snotlout crossed his arms and raised a sarcastic eyebrow.

"What the hell is a scuttle-AAAH!" he cried out in alarm as a large Scuttleclaw baby tackled him happily, chirping excitedly as it flapped its wings.

"Get it off me, get it off!" he shouted frantically.

"Don't get it off him," Astrid laughed. More scuttleclaw babies flew up onto the ledge, tilting their large heads and blinking at us curiously.

"\*\*\_Want to play a game?\_\*\*" I asked them, holding out my hand. They chirped excitedly and flapped their wings.

"\*\*\_Game! Game!\_\*\*" they chorused.

Valka dragged her staff across the ground and they each ran over to one of us, choosing us themselves.

"Uh, what are they doing?" Gobber asked, lifting up his mace hand in the air as one scuttleclaw sniffed it curiously.

"He's trying to bond with you, they think we're playing a game," Valka said. One purple scuttleclaw nuzzled my head affectionately and I rubbed the front of its face.

"Everyone mount their dragons," Hiccup took charge, carefully pulling himself up onto the back of his baby dragon. "We're going to Berk."

I slung myself up onto the back of the dragon, soothing it with a soft hand when it shifted restlessly. Hiccup and Valka were the first to lead their dragons up, heading for one of the tunnel systems that could let through the dragons and riders.

"This doesn't seem very safe," Fishlegs piped up from somewhere. The scuttleclaw beneath me chirped as it took to the air, wobbling precariously as it tried to gain stability.

We all gained speed as we raced through the ice tunnels, dragons and people alike crying out with excitement and fear.

"I don't want to die!" Fishleg's called out once more. I laughed and crouched up, looking back over my shoulder at the others. Their dragons all stretched their necks, chirping excitedly as they darted quickly.

"We can't fly these things!" Tuffnut shouted, just pulling his dragon up in time to stop them from flying into a wall.

"No kidding," Fishlegs said, as he and his dragon flew through a pile of snow. I turned back around and focused my dragon, urging him to try and listen to my instructions as best as I could. It wouldn't do much but I could try.

"So why couldn't the bewilderbeast take control of these guys again?" Astrid asked, pulling her dragon ahead to fly with Hiccup's.

"They're babies," he shouted, clinging tightly onto the back of his dragon. "They don't listen to anyone."

"Yeah!" Tuffnut shouted. "Just like us!"

"Uh huh!" Ruffnut agreed. Eret's dragon flew up beside mine and he turned to look at me, face worried. I laughed at him and waved.



"So how do you find dragon riding?" I asked him. He whimpered and tightened his grip on the dragon when it dropped before coming back up.

"At the moment, dangerous," he said. "Very dangerous. I like it."

"Then you'll like me," Ruffnut cried, flying over us while upside down. I laughed heartily at her and she turned her dragon back up onto its belly, pulling it away from crashing into a ledge.

"This!" shouted Gobber, crying out as his dragon slammed into the ice beside him. "is too dangerous!"

The dragons all cried out in unison and they all gave a burst of speed, darting quickly to avoid the ice that rose up between the tunnel.

"So what is your plan?" I shouted to Hiccup. He grew comfortable and sat up on his dragon, reaching out every now and then to stop it from flying into walls.

"Get Toothless back and kick Drago's ass!" he answered back. Astrid shook her head at his plan and Gobber laughed.

A large wall of ice structure protruding in our path became apparent and I shrieked, pulling up my dragon so he flew cleanly over the wall. Eret was unfortunate, his dragon flying straight into the ice.

His dragon was dazed but still flew back up, tossing Eret onto his back and flying quickly to join the others.

"Are you alright babe?" Ruffnut asked him, tossing her head flirtatiously.

"Fine," he answered shortly.

The darkness of the night enveloped us as we burst out of the side of the mountain. Hiccup shook his head and urged his baby dragon faster. I scratched the cheek of the dragon I rode and he purred back, shaking his purple head happily.

"How far is it to Berk?" I asked. Hiccup shrugged and shook his head.

"At this rate, we should get there come day break."

"That's going to take forever," Tuffnut groaned.

And it did take a while. For hours we flew straight, following Hiccup, Gobber and Valka as they lead us in the direction of Berk. There were times when my legs cramped and felt so numb I thought I would fall off. It was one thing to ride for hours on the back Eilidh but a baby dragon? Definitely not going to repeat this experience again.

The sky had lightened to a soft blue and it was silent as we flew through a low morning fog. My right shoulder had become numb and I did not know if it was due to the cold, the untreated cut or

both.

We emerged from out of the fog and I laid my eyes for the first time on Berk. It was a disaster. Ice shards had broken houses and covered almost every inch of the island. The Alpha sat in the low waters, the dragons from both the refuge and Berk circling above him in a large swarm.

"No," Hiccup said dejectedly.

"He took all our dragons," Fishlegs said sadly.

"Distract the Alpha," Hiccup stated angrily. "Try to keep his focus off of Toothless."

"Uh, how?" Tuffnut asked.

"Have you forgotten who you're riding with?" Eret said, motioning an extravagant hand towards himself. "There isn't a dragon alive that I can't wrangle."

He gave a short cry as the scuttleclaw beneath wriggled its body in protest to his words, diving down towards the ground.

"Except this one!" he shouted as they fell. Snotlout snickered and cracked his knuckles.

"Amateur," he chuckled.

"The sheep!" Astrid exclaimed. Hiccup nodded excitedly.

"That just might work," he said. "Get to it, I'm confronting Drago once and for all and getting back my best friend."

My heart clenched as I searched the skies, frantically looking around for any sign of Eilidh. Where was my best friend?

"Come on guys," Astrid said, leading us down the ground. I jumped off the back of the scuttleclaw that immediately ran in-between houses, playing with the scuttleclaw babies. Astrid led us over to an unharmed sheep pen, giving us clear instructions to move the sheep over to something called the cattle-pult.

"It totally doesn't make sense," Tuffnut said slowly. "Sheep aren't cattle, or are they?"

Of course they aren't duh-brain," Ruffnut scoffed. "It's a play on words." I elbowed them both in the ribs and juttied my chins towards Astrid who gave me a relieved smile.

"We catapult the sheep in front of the Alpha, distract it as much as we can from Hiccup and Toothless," she concluded. "Fishlegs, I want you on the horn. If you blow it a random intervals we can confuse him."

"Aye aye," Fishlegs said, running off up the hill to where a large horn was situated.

Snotlout, Ruffnut, Valka and I each grabbed a sheep, hauling it between houses as Eret, Tuffnut, Gobber and Astrid moved the

cattle-pult. Gobber pulled the catapult into place and I placed my sheep in first, petting it softly on the head and muttering a quick apology.

"Now!" Astrid said, watching the skies. Tuffnut launched the catapult and the sheep went flying up into the air. The Alpha's large eyes settled on the farm animal as it flew before landing back onto the ground into Snotlout's arms.

"Keep 'em coming!" Ruffnut encouraged, reloading the catapult and shooting the poor animal up into the air. I shook my head at the absurdity of the sight and laughed, helping Ruffnut to load the catapult.

Fishlegs blew the horn from his position and the Alpha swung its head around in the direction of the noise. The Alpha roared before turning back around.

"Quick shoot now," Tuffnut said excitedly to his sister. Ruffnut sprung the trigger and the black sheep that I had just loaded went flying skywards, only to be caught onto the antennae of the Alpha.

Ruffnut snickered and even I spared a laugh at the sight.

"Ten points!" Snotlout called out.

The Alpha finally looked down and caught sight of us all, glaring heavily.

"Uh oh," Tuffnut said. The Alpha gave an almighty roar but stopped instantly when Fishlegs blew on the horn once more.

The Alpha grumbled and sent a large breath of ice in the direction of the horn.

"Fishlegs!" Ruffnut called out with worry, stepping away from the catapult.

"I'm okay!" came his reply from somewhere.

"Fishlegs?" Astrid questioned. Ruffnut huffed and squared her shoulders.

"I meant Eret."

"I'm okay too," Eret piped up, lifting a hand up in acknowledgment of his name. He looked at something behind us and his eyes widened.

"Duck!" he shouted, dropping to the ground and rolling to the side. A plasma blast exploded the ice where he had been standing and Eilidh swooped over our heads, spinning up and around, diving straight for us again.

"Eilidh no!" I shouted, I barely missed the shot she sent in my direction, knocking down the twins as I leapt to the side. I scrambled off of them and hurried to my feet, running to where Eilidh was flying.

"Niya no," Valka said, "it's too dangerous."

"I don't care," I shouted back over my shoulder. Eilidh had taken a sharp turn and focused her gaze on me. She stretched out her claws and I ducked, hissing as my bad shoulder slammed into the ground. Eilidh also landed harsh behind me, rolling twice before snapping to her feet. She turned to me and bared her teeth, her eyes in slivers. I reached out a hand and she flinched back, her flaps quivering with the tell-tale sign that she was still under the control of the Alpha.

"\*\*\_Do not listen to him\_\*\*," I said, taking a small step forwards. She hissed and jumped back, firing a plasma blast at my feet. I yelped as I jumped back, landing on my behind.

"Niya!" Valka cried. Eilidh turned her head and snapped her teeth at her. I motioned for Valka to stand back and stay with others. Eilidh rounded on me and for a moment, I could see her pupils expand as she focused on my face.

"That's it girl, come on," I encourage her softly. Her eyes turned back into slits and she hissed, before taking to the skies again. Valka ran over and helped me to my feet.

"Gods I pray Hiccup can pull this through," I said to her.

"He will, he's as much his father and myself," Valka said as she led me to the others. "He can do anything."

There was a cry of triumph and we all turned, Hiccup gliding through the air on Toothless' back.

"What did I say?" Valka said happily, leaning on her staff. The Alpha in turn was not happy at losing a dragon from his command, blowing harsh ice shards after the pair that darted quickly away. They circled quickly around the mountain and when they came out from the other side, Toothless had a thin sheet of red fabric over his eyes.

"He's blocking out the Alpha's command," I said.

"We've got to do that with our dragons," Tuffnut said excitedly.

"It will be way awesome," Ruffnut agreed.

Hiccup and Toothless dipped down to soar over our heads and Astrid jumped up, pumping her fist in the air.

"Take him down babe!" she cried out enthusiastically. Tuffnut crowed loudly and lifted his sister up onto his shoulder, the pair of them shouting wildly with encouragement. Snotlout and Eret stood together, clapping heartily and Fishlegs stood with Gobber, watching on with excitement and fear.

Many of the village people that had gathered on the docks and amongst the free bits of land on the island cheered loudly for their late chief's son as he battled for their freedom.

There was a shrieking and a white blue crash landed near us, slamming its head multiple times into the ground and digging up large chunks

of dirt.

"Eilidh," I breathed out, racing over to where she was battling herself. Her eyes were closed when I reached her and I had to throw myself over her head to stop herself from repeatedly slamming it into the ground. She whined in pain and I placed my hand over her damaged eye, urging her to open her good one and look at me.

"Come on, that's it girl," I soothed, "You can do it, fight it!"

Eilidh snarled and shook me off her head, rolling onto her back and slamming her head one last time into the ground. She stopped after that, eyes closed and body stilled and I almost feared the worst then. She grumbled then and her eye opened, settling on my face. Her pupil had enlarged to its normal size and her tongue rolled out of her mouth as she gurgled happily. I laughed and threw myself at her, avoiding her tongue as much as I could as she licked me happily.

"\*\*\_I am sorry I am sorry\_\*\*," she repeated, nudging me excitedly with her nose. She pushed me so I lay on my back and she rested her head on my stomach, focusing on me.

"You came back to me," I said happily, scratching under her chin. "\*\*\_Thank you\_\*\*."

She grumbled contentedly. "\*\*\_Well I promised to never leave you, did I not?\_\*\*"

I laughed and quickly wiped away the liquid that had spilled over from my eyes. Eilidh got up and looked over to where Toothless and Hiccup were flying about the Alpha. They had successfully knocked Drago away from the Alpha and were gliding towards the beach.

"Come on, let's go help," I said to Eilidh. I slid up onto her back and we shot skywards before taking a sharp turn down so we flew low towards the beach.

Eilidh cried out when the Alpha gave a sudden large breath of ice towards Hiccup, Toothless diving forwards to protect his human. I heard Valka's cry once more and my heart clenched at the thought of her losing two loved ones in a day.

Eilidh landed quickly and I stared forlornly at the ice encasing the pair that could save Berk. Valka flew the Scuttleclaw baby over next to Eilidh and jumped off, running to the large ice structure and slamming her fists against it.

"No!" she cried out harshly. Drago chuckled from his spot on the ground. I grabbed one of the knives from my boot and flung it in his direction. He hadn't registered my appearance so was quite surprised when the knife embedded itself into the metal of his prosthetic arm.

Valka repeatedly punched the ice, huffing as she tried desperately to reach her son.

"You just won't stop will you," Drago growled, pulling the knife out and throwing it to the side. I reached for the axe on my back and

stood tall.

"Well you know what we say, \_Dad\_," I sneered. "Be strong, fight long."

He scoffed at our tribe motto and gave a thunderous roar "but faltered when the ice surrounding Hiccup exploded. I ducked and shielded myself from the flying rubble, watching as Toothless emerged with glowing spine scales that shone blue. Hiccup lay beneath him, alive and well.

Eilidh came up behind me and we watched as Toothless gave the mightiest roar I'd ever heard from a Night Fury. He checked on Hiccup once more before bounding up, standing tall on a pillar of ice that still stuck protruding from the ground, challenging the Alpha himself.

Eilidh gave me a proud smile as if to say, \_that's my dragon species right there\_.

Toothless fired a plasma shot at the Alpha, raising his wings and trying to look as menacing as he could. Eilidh growled and bounded up after Toothless, taking her own place on an ice shard. Toothless sent her a grateful look and the two night furies fired together at the Alpha.

Many of the dragons that flew behind the Alpha seemed to regain their senses, focusing on the challenge before them. Many of them seemed to recognise Toothless as they flew down to back him up.

"They're protecting us," I said to myself. More of the dragons followed to situate themselves beside and behind Toothless, fighting the Alpha dragon with their will and might. I cheered them on, shouting to them in the language of the dragons, ignoring the looks of many people who looked back and forth between the dragons and my odd speech. I ran over to Valka and looped my arm through hers as we watch the challenge go down.

"No!" shouted Drago, raising his spear above his as he ran towards his Alpha. "Fight back, fight back!"

Drago pulled himself up onto one of the tusks of the Alpha, climbing along steadily. He continued to shout harshly at the Alpha, pointing his spear towards the dragon army that was growing in size against them.

Behind us the multitudes of villagers crowded together, standing strong as we stared down Drago and his Alpha. Hiccup left Valka's side, swinging himself up onto Toothless' back as they fought down Drago.

"Now do you get it?" Hiccup shouted. "This is what it is to earn a dragon's loyalty."

He gestured behind him at the dragons that flew with freedom against the Alpha. Drago glared down at them all, snarling with distaste.

"Let this end now," Hiccup stated. Drago only shook his head and slammed his spear into the tusk of the Alpha.

"Never!" he roared. The Alpha lowered his head so he came close to the other dragons, roaring loudly to defend his honour. Toothless only growled and snapped an order to the dragons behind him.

"\*\*\_Use your firepower\_\*\*," he ordered them. The dragons all seemed to swell up, standing strong together as they faced down the Alpha.

Together all the dragons shot at the face of the Alpha, knocking him backwards. The Bewilderbeast was soon shrouded with the smoke of the dragons' fire power.

The Alpha rose from the smoke, Drago hidden somewhere on the face of the bewilderbeast. He roared and both Eilidh and Toothless breathed in, firing together. Their plasma blasts blended and collided into the left tusk of the Alpha, taking it clean off. The tusk fell to the beach below and the Alpha fell back wounded in both pride and status. He managed to lower his head to Toothless, backing away from night fury with defeat.

"The alpha protects them all," Hiccup declared.

The Alpha gave one last defeated look to the dragons, Dragon clinging tightly to its head as the pair of them dived into the ocean. The crowd erupted with cheers and Valka applauded as loud as she could, beaming up at her son.

I paid not a single glance nor feeling of remorse as my father was swallowed up by the waters below. Honestly, I felt relieved. That was one pain I could easily live freely from for the rest of my life.

The twins beside me turned to each other laughing and gripped each other's shoulders as they slammed their helmets together.

"Yeah!" they crowed. I laughed at them and Ruffnut slung an arm around my shoulder, hollering loudly.

"Alpha schmalpha," she roared happily. "What a loser dragon!"

She brought my head down and roughly knuckled the top of my head. I shouldered her away, laughing.

Hiccup and Toothless made their way down to the beach, smiling at the village people. Eilidh came shooting down just after them, knocking me to the ground and messily licking me with happiness.

"Aw come on," I said, pushing her away. "You're disgusting."

She laughed throatily and sat up, allowing me to get to my feet. She turned to sit by my side, turning her head so it rested on top of mine.

All the airborne dragons came flying down, reuniting with their riders and families. The many dragons that had come from the refuge merely hung about, sniffing curiously at the younger villagers that quickly attached themselves to the new never before seen dragons.

Cloudjumper was one of the last to make his way down, landing just before Toothless. He tilted his head curiously before clicking his beak and bowing low to the new Alpha of the dragons.

Eilidh sunk low to the ground and I grinned, bowing myself to recognise Toothless. Toothless himself seemed very pleased with his new status, haughtily sticking his nose in the air and watching the dragons with amusement. He gave a mighty cry to the skies that all the dragons followed with easily.

He turned to Hiccup with wide eyes and Eilidh rose from the ground, nudging my face softly with hers. I smiled and leant against her, laughing as Toothless started to eagerly cover Hiccup with saliva.

"Toothless!" Hiccup chuckled as he was tackled to the ground. "You know that doesn't come out."

Many of the riders were soon reunited with their dragons, the twins' zippleback shouldering past Eilidh and I to make its way to Ruffnut and Tuffnut.

"Do you think they'll let us live here?" I asked Eilidh. She snorted in agreement and blew hot breathe over my mouth. She smiled goofily before clamping shut her mouth, heaving her throat as she regurgitated. I stepped back and held up my arms.

"Honestly, I'm not hungry," I protested. But instead of regurgitating fish she stomped over to me and spit a large wad of saliva and a leathery \_something \_onto the top of my head. I shut my mouth and eyes and wiped away at the saliva, ignoring the laughter that surrounded me at what I must have looked like. I pulled the thing off of my head and grinned instantly, throwing myself over Eilidh's head.

"My mask!" I cried. She grumbled happily and lifted me up into the air on her head. I laughed and she set me down. I shook of whatever saliva I could from the mask, vowing to myself that I would wash the instant I got a chance to.

A short, teenage boy came running up to me then, looking excitedly over Eilidh.

"Is that a night fury?" he asked, jumping in his spot.

"Uh, yeah it is," I confirmed. He oohed over her and Eilidh sent me a proud look, preening herself as she stood taller. I chuckled and looked over to Valka, Hiccup and Astrid. The three of them were laughing and I smiled as Hiccup pulled Astrid into a kiss.

"Woah," the boy said. I rolled my eyes and put my mask over his face, to stop him from watching. He recoiled in disgust at the smell of it and laughed.

A very short, old woman with white braids took a hold of Hiccup's hand and motioned him down. She pointed to an old fire where soot and ash still covered the ground. The village quietened as Hiccup knelt before the woman, nodding to her in encouragement. The woman wiped her hand over one of the logs and rubbed her fingers together. She smiled up at him as she marked him with the sign of the chiefs on his



forehead. She took a step back and bowed. Hiccup stood up and looked around as Gobber walked over to him smiling happily.

"The chief has come home!" he cried. Everyone cheered and applauded and Eilidh crowed up to the skies. Even the dragons celebrated, some even going so far as to bellow a long stream of fire skywards. Toothless and Hiccup stood together, proud and tall; two new alphas. It was a mighty sight and I clapped as loud as I could.

"Oh this," Valka said as she came up behind. "This is a sight I thought I'd never see."

I smiled up at her and gave her a soft punch to the arm.

"But aren't you glad you're here?" I asked her. She nodded and smiled over to where her son stood, hugging Astrid around the waist and smiling at the village people.

"I've never been gladder."

\* \* \*

><p>Can anyone recognise the teenage boy that I snuck in? Hint: he's from the tv shows and I felt the need to reference back to him.<p>

Don't know if I've said this, but I absolutely love reviews. I feel like a cat who gets a good scratch under the chin it's like christmas. So, pretty please review, favourite and follow! Cheers!

## 6. Chapter 6

All recognised characters belong to their beloved creators.

Well. This has been a while and I deeply apologise but in my defence I just finished my hardest term ever and I am now focusing on gathering everything up for graduation, dealing with finding a job and university applications. Of course, no excuse will do and I will say I'm am super super super sorry. Please forgive me.

Now, I don't know about you guys but to me this kind of feels like the second last chapter. There is one more to go and I'm super excited to write it when I can. But anyway, onto the Chapter!

### CHAPTER SIX

#### KISS AND MAKE UP

SONGS - Scotland by The Lumineers & Bad Reputation by Halfcocked.

\* \* \*

><p>It had been three months since the downfall of Drago Bludvist and his Bewilderbeast. Toothless as the new alpha dragon was going as smoothly as it could for overgrown reptile puppy to hold reign. Eilidh had quite taken to bounding beside the alpha and the pair could usually be seen chasing each other in-between houses and around

the village.<p>

I'd normally have to chase them away from the construction site where a few men were carving Stoick the Vast's memory into stone. It was truly indeed a spectacular sight. Valka could be seen standing by his feet, looking up at his face with glittering eyes and a wobbly smile. But she never shed a tear. I knew she would go home and cry for him in private, she never was a public crier (if you included a large hoard of dragons the public).

I would have to say the worst bit about Berk, was Tuffnut. Ruffnut was not nearly as bad as him, and I could even consider her a friend at times when they weren't ganging up on me. But this hatred between Tuffnut and I, it was a whole other thing. It would get to the point that Gobber and Hiccup would have to pull us apart and yell at us about immaturity and indecency, normally with Ruffnut behind them cackling to herself.

No one knew why we hated each other though. My reasons were that he was an immature, childish bird-brained bastard with an ego the size of a Bewilderbeast. His reasons were that I was a stuck-up, spoilt little know it all who ruined his fun. Whatever the case, we couldn't stand each other.

Apparently, Hiccup had a training arena for dragons, where once children reached a certain age they would sign up for classes and learn to befriend and fly with their new winged buddy. Of course, there was only one class which consisted of ten year olds where they bonded with the small and colourful terrible terrors. And as expected the class was taught by not only Hiccup, but the rest of the small group of dragon riders including Astrid, Snotlout, the Thorston twins and Fishlegs and their dragons. I joined them in their teaching experience and the training arena was where I found the majority of them throughout the day, even when there was no class.

Currently in the middle of the arena were two totem poles, set up with a bar of wood between them. This was where Tuffnut, Ruffnut, Eilidh and I were hanging upside down from. The twins made a bet that they'd last longer upside down than Eilidh and I.

"We are the masters of upside down hanging," Ruffnut said, her arms crossed and her braids almost brushing the ground with their length. Tuffnut sent her a confused look.

"No we're not," he said. "We're the masters of destruction."

"We're the masters of both, butt-brain," Ruffnut shot back. Tuffnut punched her in the side and she fell to the ground. I shook my head at them, laughing at their idiotic tendencies. Eilidh rumbled beside me and I knew she was laughing too.

Ruffnut rushed to her feet and pulled on Tuffnut's hair, yanking him to the ground harshly before elbow diving onto his stomach. It wasn't long before they were fully attacking each other straight out.

"What," Hiccup said, mask under his arm as he entered the arena with Astrid right behind him. "Is going on?"

I grinned at them before swinging up, sitting on the pole and turning

to face them.

"They made a bet," I said triumphantly. "And I won."

Eilidh chortled happily before sliding to the ground, trotting over to Toothless.

"You won cause you cheated, cheater," Tuffnut said, pushing away his sister.

"I didn't cheat, dog-breathe," I huffed. "You just can't stop fighting with your sister."

"Can too!" he argued. Ruffnut stood up and slapped him across the back of his head.

"Cannot," I huffed, rolling my eyes at his immaturity.

"Big butt," he grumbled.

"Fish chum," I said back. He raised a fist.

"Come down here and say that to my face," he yelled. I stood up and crept along the pole.

"No thanks, I quite like it up here," I sneered. Both Hiccup and Astrid looked amused with our banter. Ruffnut looked torn between laughing or being sick. Odd.

"Hey Ruffnut," Snotlout greeted, riding Hookfang into the arena. He slid off his dragon's back and smirked, tracing his thin moustache with a forefinger and thumb. Fishleg's and Meatlug waddled in after them.

"Alright gang," Hiccup said, as enthusiastically as he could in his ever sarcastic voice. "Now that we're all here we better discuss what we have to do for the upcoming win-"

"-took him out with one punch," Snotlout was talking loudly, trying hard to gain Ruffnut's attention. "True story."

"Snotlout, please," Hiccup exasperated. Snotlout rolled his eyes and blew a kiss at Ruffnut, the latter of which shivered violently and punched the arm of her cackling brother.

"As I was saying," Hiccup stated. "We need to help the village stock supplies and organise the annual Snoggletog celebration and make sure the Dragons arrive safely to Dragon Island."

"Snoggletog?" I questioned, raising my arm. Tuffnut snickered and I barely had time to brace myself as Barf and Belch knocked their heads into the totem poles. I grunted as I hooked my legs around the pole at the last second and swung upside dazedly. Eilidh laughed her guttural laugh and grabbed my shirt, pulling me down to the ground.

"That looks fun," Ruffnut said. Tuffnut nodded in agreement.

"Let's do it," he agreed.

"Guys will you listen to me," Hiccup exasperated once more. I got up off the ground and crossed my arms.

"Will you answer my question?" I asked him. He shook his head at me in amusement and annoyance.

"Yes I was getting there Niya," he stressed. "Snoggletog is a celebration of the Gods where we exchange gifts and eat until our stomach bursts. It is also the time of year where our dragons fly off to lay eggs."

I nodded in understanding. "So, mating season is coming up then."

Ruffnut and Tuffnut snickered behind their hands and I rolled my eyes.

"Yes, which we all know means exploding dragon eggs," Hiccup said. "And learning from past experiences, it's much easier and safer for the dragons to their island."

"Do I want to know?" I asked.

"Total destruction," Tuffnut said happily. Ruffnut sighed.

"It was beautiful," she said. Astrid rolled her eyes and flicked her braid over her shoulder.

"Anyway, I want the dragons to haul in as much fish as they can and help out with the decorations before they take off for the island," Hiccup said. "Snotlout and Hookfang, you'll be helping Mulch and Bucket with the fishing trawls, Astrid and Stormfly you'll be helping Gobber and the townsfolk with the decoration as well as Fishlegs and Meatlug. Niya, you and Eilidh will be watching over Ruffnut and Tuffnut, make sure they don't destroy anything. In the meantime, I'll be doing my rounds around the island and make sure everything's in order. Got that?"

Everyone nodded and I frowned. "Do I really have to babysit these two oversized dorks?"

"Hey!" Ruffnut called. "He's the dork, not me."

"Am not!" Tuffnut growled.

"See?" I stuck an accusing finger at them. "I don't want to have to deal with that."

Even Eilidh turned up her nose at their dragon, biting at each other's heads. Hiccup shrugged his shoulders and mounted Toothless.

"Just make sure they don't blow up anything," was all he said before flying out of the arena. The twenty year old twins stopped their bickering, the pair of them, as well as Barf and Belch, turning to me and Eilidh in silence.

"So what do we do now?" Tuffnut asked. Ruffnut smirked from beside him and shoved him to the ground by the horns of his helmet.

"Well I'm going to start by kicking your butt," Ruffnut crowed, pushing her brother's face into the dirt. I sent an unamused look to Eilidh, one she returned. Tuffnut grunted and flipped them over, digging a knee into Ruffnut's lower back.

"You can't kick the butt of the world's deadliest weapon," he sneered, emphasizing the last part as he gestured to himself. Not that his sister could see.

"Do you guys ever stop?" I asked them. They looked at me as if I told them there was no such thing as fire.

"Why? Am I annoying you?" Ruffnut asked.

"Nuh uh, I'm more annoying than you are," Tuffnut said.

"Are not!"

"Am too!"

Eilidh groaned and leaned over, closing her eyes and placing her forehead against the dirt ground. I shook my head and rubbed against her cheek.

"I know, they're giving me a headache too," I soothed her. "Alright I've had enough of this."

I left the side of my dragon, walking past the hideous zippleback that was still contending with each of its heads, to the twins. I grabbed a horn off both of their helmets each and ripped them apart.

"To be frank, the pair of you hold first place for most annoying person in the world," I snarled. "Now would you quit it?!"

The pair of them blinked at me.

"Fine we'll stop," Ruffnut grumbled, pulling herself away from my hold. Tuffnut grinned and slung an arm around my shoulder.

"Will we, dear sister?" he asked. Ruffnut grinned and Tuffnut shoved me to the ground, the pair running up and slinging themselves onto the necks of their dragon.

"Don't you-" I was cut off by their laughter as they flew out of the arena. Eilidh bounded over, licking my torso before nudging my side.

"Yeah, yeah I'm getting up," I said, rolling over and pushing myself off of the ground. I jumped up and crouched onto her back, my snarl slowly melting into a grin as she sped out quickly, following behind the Thorston twins.

We chased them through the town square, yelling out apologies behind us as Barf and Belch lit up an ornament tree Astrid and Gobber were decorating.

"Come on girl," I whispered, before switching to Dragonese. "\*\*\_Are you really going to let yourself be beat by a two-headed hobgoblin?\_"\*\*

\_"\*\*Not on my life\*\*\_", she answered back. With a mighty roar that could certainly send Thor off in the other direction, she shot forward, pulling up to grab onto the tail of the zippleback.

I cried out as the five of us all dropped through the trees, scraped by tree limbs and rocks as we tumbled across the forest floor.

"Awesome!" Tuffnut shouted, standing up from his spot. "Let's do it again!"

Ruffnut stood up beside him, laughing, and the two of them grabbed each other's helmets and smashed foreheads.

"No!" I shouted, stomping over to them. "Just stop it, the pair of you. You're worse than me and I thought I was bad!"

"Oh we're way worse than you," Tuffnut agreed, shaking his head. "You're like an amateur or whatever they're called."

Ruffnut nodded in agreement.

"Just please, stop until the dragons leave at least," I pleaded. Tuffnut tapped a finger against his chin.

"Ponder, ponder, ponder," he said. I rolled my eyes and drolly looked at Ruffnut. She shrugged and nudged him.

"Fine," he said. "On one condition."

"No conditions, just do it!" I cried, punching him in the arm.

"Ow! Watch it, you big butted yak," he grumbled, shoving me back.

"Uh oh," Ruffnut chuckled darkly, taking a step back.

"What happened?" Hiccup asked, exasperated. Ruffnut was chuckling uncontrollably behind him. "I asked you to watch the twins and stop them, not join them."

I scuffed my boots in the dirt, avoiding his gaze. Tuffnut whistled sharply, looking everywhere but the very angry young man in front of us. He was sporting a bloody nose and black eye. He'd left me with a swollen cheek and cut lip. Behind us the Snoggletog tree decoration was half burnt to the ground.

"He started it," I said pathetically. Tuffnut sneered and went to throw a punch before he was pushed away by Hiccup.

"That's enough," Hiccup said sternly, raising his arms up. He sighed, leaning back onto his fake leg, pinching the bridge of his nose. "The pair of you together are almost as bad as Ruff and Tuff."

"Ooh, you two are runner ups," Ruffnut chortled.

"You two need to own up and apologise," Hiccup continued. Tuffnut and I scowled. The others all stood behind Hiccup, watching and waiting. I crossed my arms and turned to Tuffnut.

"Well?" I said impatiently.

"Well, what?" Tuffnut asked.

"I'm waiting," I stressed. His brows furrowed together and he tapped his chin thoughtfully.

"For what, lunch? You need to go \_inside \_the hall," Tuffnut sneered, eyes glinting. Eilidh growled from behind me and Barf & Belch hissed back.

"That's not what I meant Niya," Hiccup groaned. "Just- just fine, at least call a truce, please. This whole thing is maddening and we don't exactly need to teach a bunch of children how to maim each other in the arena."

Ruffnut smirked and looked like that sounded much better than training dragons.

"Fine," Tuffnut groaned, swinging his head back dramatically. He spat on his hand and stuck it out, his charming, mad grin set deep in his features. "Truce."

I scrunched my nose in disgust before shrugging and spitting on my own hand. I'd honestly done worst things than that.

"Truce," I reluctantly agreed, grasping his hand tightly.

"Well," Hiccup said, quite obviously surprised, "that was easier than expected."

"Hey," Ruffnut snorted, "now that you guys are totally cool now you should tell her ho-"

Tuffnut pulled his sister into a headlock, punching her helmet.

"Don't say anything loser!"

For the next week, Tuffnut and I struggled with our truce. Offensive names were thrown about as per usual, with Ruffnut egging us on. However Astrid or Hiccup always turned up before anything interesting could happen. Sometimes and in rare moments, our dragons would interfere, understanding our stances before we could actually attack.

Everything went downhill on the Thursday after classes. I was restacking the shields when I was knocked down by a bola, the rope wrapping itself around my legs. I hissed at the force and sat up, tugging at the thick rope. I caught sight of Tuffnut smirking and holding Hiccup's shield.

"Oops," he grinned, not sounding sorry at all. I saw Astrid's head drop into her hands and both Fishlegs and Snotlout take a step back.

"You little worm," I growled, tugging harder at the bolas. The rope felt like it only grew tighter and I tried to untangle the weights.

"Hey, you're the one who was taken out by the world's deadliest weapon," he flicked at his fingernails. I ground my teeth in frustration, punching the dirt beside me.

Eilidh rolled her eyes and flicked out a claw at the rope, slicing through it easily.

"\*\*\_I hate him\_\*\*," I hissed to her. She grumbled and I grabbed a shield from behind me, flinging it at the male Thorston twin. He ducked, the shield taking off his helmet.

"Insanity runs in the family, am I right guys?" he chuckled. Everyone went stock still, as if a single breath would blow the arena to pieces. Even Ruffnut sent an annoyed and worried look to her brother. Hiccup entered the arena then, sliding off Toothless' back. He shook out his hair before catching Astrid's frantic hand motions.

"Oh no," he said slowly. "What happened?"

I snarled and pounced but Eilidh's teeth caught onto the back of my dress shirt. Tuffnut raised his arms in front of his head and Ruffnut took a step away from her brother.

I dangled from Eilidh's mouth miserably. She dropped me onto the ground after a moment's hesitation and I scrambled onto her back.

She loped out of the arena and I held my breath as she leapt up, taking to the skies with ease.

I bit my tongue as I held back the frustrated scream that threatened to burst forth. Tuffnut was a jerk. Scratch that. Tuffnut was a big-headed, fish chum loving, bird-brained egotistical jerk. I finally screamed out to the sky, hugging Eilidh's neck as I draped myself forward limply.

"I'm not like my Father, am I?" I asked aloud softly. Eilidh rumbled beneath me and tilted her head.

"\*\*\_Your father was a barbarian, a tyrant\_\*\*," she hissed, "\*\*\_he caused chaos\_\*\*"

"\*\*\_I cause chaos\_\*\*," I cut her off.

"\*\*\_He caused chaos\_\*\*," she said firmly, "\*\*\_but a dark chaos, an evil chaos. You create a chaos that is light, fun and brings smiles in its wake. You are a dragon rider where he was a dragon conqueror, you are a healer where he was a destroyer\_\*\*."

I smiled slightly, caressing her head softly before thinking gloomily back to the issue at hand.

"But you have seen the chaos that happens between Tuffnut and I," I said. She chuckled as she drifted low to soar across the tree tops.

"\*\*\_That's because the two of you are alike in many ways\_\*\*," she said wisely. I snorted.



"Yes of course," I said sarcastically. "But you have seen what he's done to me, I'm never this violent really."

"\*\*\_You have seen the way he interacts with his twin\_\*\*," she started, thinking closely over her words. "\*\*\_Violence is their way of showing affection. You two care for each other more than you'd like to admit and you're both afraid. He acts out in the only way he knows to show he cares. Then of course there's you and being raised by dragons hasn't exactly softened your ways. You're also very hot-headed too\_\*\*." She said that with amusement. I winced.

"Sorry," I apologised. She chuckled again, turning sharply so she flew down into the Berkian village, dropping down so she landed beside our home.

"\*\*\_It is who you are\_\*\*," she soothed, "\*\*\_however that apology should be aimed at another\_\*\*."

I slid off of her back and came round to rub her nose affectionately.

"You really know how to send me on a guilt trip," I said. She raised the corners of her mouth in a gummy smile.

"\*\*\_Just doing my duty\_\*\*," she closed her eyes, bringing her nose up to touch my briefly. Eilidh left no a moment later and I sighed dejectedly as I entered my empty home. It was getting dark and I'd need to start a fire soon, most likely have to end up doing it by hand seeing as I had no idea how long Eilidh would be taking.

I started the fire, turning and poking it until it cast a great light and heat throughout my home. The fire place was set in the middle of the room and for that I was grateful, as I could prepare my dinner over it and not worry about the smokiness of an actual fire place. I grabbed the pot and settle it onto its grove above the fire, filling it with water and herbs before grabbing, dicing and throwing in whatever small amount of edible vegetables were scattered around my house. Same meal preparation as it was every other night; vegetable soup and dried pork strips.

The sky outside was darkening from between the cracks in the wood panels and stirred the fire once more, sitting beside it lazily. I took my axe from my back and set it beside me, undoing my large cloak until I was just in my thick woollen pants, my two long sleeved shirts and thick boots. Reaching up behind me I hastened to undo my hair, which since had been taken out of the three braids and woven into one daily.

I tied my hair straps together, picking up my axe as I stood up and walked over to the mantle. The words \_Be Strong, Fight Long \_glinted in the fire light and smiled, tracing the lettering.

A sudden knock at my door startled me and I flinched, slicing my finger against the blade of my axe. I hissed and lifted the finger to my lips, sucking on the cut as I stomped over to the door and pulling it wide open.

On my doorstep stood Hiccup, Astrid, a smirking Ruffnut and a Tuffnut sporting a black eye, the back of his shirt pulled up by one of Gobber's large hands. Behind them stood a wary Fishlegs and an amused

Snotlout.

"Hey," Tuffnut said amidst the silence. I ignored him, grating my teeth together.

"What is going on?" I said, pulling my hand away and shaking it as the cool air stung the cut.

"An intervention of sorts," Hiccup said apologetically. Before I could utter a noise of protest, Gobber shoved Tuffnut threw the doorway, knocking us both backwards. I shoved him off me and scrambled to my feet but the door was shut and bolted from the outside before I could reach them.

"None o' yah are leaving that house until yeh apologise," Gobber shouted from outside. "Back door's locked as well so don't even think abou' it."

"Sorry guys," Hiccup's not so sincere apology piped up. "We'll check up on you guys every now and then until you've come to an agreement."

"Have fun!" Ruffnut called out, laughing. I growled and Tuffnut kicked a wall behind.

"Hey watch it bird brain, not your house," I said. He raised his hands up and grinned cockily.

"Sorry, sorry," he mocked, moving backwards before turning around and putting his hands on his hips. He whistled lowly as he looked around my home.

"Bare necessities, huh?" he said. "Looks lonely."

"I'm not lonely," I huffed, crossing my arms as I glared at him. He pointed a lazy, accusing finger at me from across the room and sneered.

"Lonely, moanly, groanly," he drawled. I heaved in a deep angry breath and grinded my teeth before moving over to the fire to stir the soup.

It was quiet, save for the soft banging every now and then as I stirred the soup that gave off quite the lovely aroma.

I tucked a strand of hair behind my ear and bit my lip, Hel-bent on ignoring Tuffnut with all I had. My hand gripping the wooden spoon turned white around the knuckles as rage ignited within me once more.

\_Insanity runs in the family\_.

"Look man, uh, lady," Tuffnut stumbled, "I'm sorry about what I said before, you know. In the arena."

My nose twitched and I turned around, crossing my arms and tapping my chin with the handle of the wooden spoon.

"The Arena? Wow, I've completely forgotten what this horrible thing was," I said, my voice laced heavily with sarcasm.

"Really? Sweet, cool cause I thought tha- woah!" he ducked, my wooden spoon hitting the horns of his helmet. "Seriously?!"

"Yes, seriously, you hypocrite!" I cried out. "You blasted, bird brained idiot! Why would you even think of saying that to me!"

He shrugged hurriedly as he scrambled to his feet.

"My mum says I have no filter," he offered. I growled from between my teeth and my hands clenched angrily as I stalked over to him.

"Why do you hate me!" I shouted at him, shoving him backwards. His face changed from scared and amused to angry as he shoved me back.

"Why do you?" he retorted. He ducked as I threw a punch, tackling my legs so I fell backwards. He scrambled to straddle me, hand raised above me as he prepared to hit me. I thumped my fists against his chest in anger, trying in vain to get him off me.

"Why do you do this?" he said, not as angrily as before.

"Why do you?" I retorted, echoing his past words from not a moment before. I wriggled beneath him, shoving him as I did so I could sit up, the male Thorston twin still straddling my waist.

My gut tingled as my heart raced, not from the adrenaline of the fight, oh no. This was different. I bit my lip as both Tuffnut and I heaved heavily, struggling to regain our breath. Our noses barely touched and our eyes, thick with hate and fire and something searched each other. This was a very compromising position indeed. Oh Thor almighty.

The strand of hair that had been escaping all night wisped forward, fluttering between our faces with our breath. Tuffnut reached up and tucked it behind my ear, his annoying, mischievous, charming grin slowly spreading across his features. His hand lowered so it cupped the back of my neck and my hand flew up to grasp his shoulder, a tangle of his dreadlocks caught in my hand as well.

"Oh Hel," I whispered, my voice hitching as Tuffnut pulled me forward, capturing my lips softly, well as soft and careful as a Thorston twin could. It seemed the fire from the fight before-hand not disappeared as lips, teeth, tongue clashed in a heated battle. But oh sweet Valhalla this was so much better than our fighting.

I bit harshly down on Tuffnut's lip and he growled, pushing me backwards so my back met with the wooden floor beneath me. I hooked a leg around his hip and he pulled away from my mouth before trailing down my face, across my neck which he kissed softly. His breathing heavy in my ear, I clutched at his shoulders as he massaged my neck with his lips. One of his hands, which had been settled on my hip, was slowly tracing up the side of my body, fingering the hem of my shirt. I closed my eyes as I trailed on of my own hands down his chest, gripping his hip as he ground down onto mine pleasingly.

I couldn't help a little mewl that escaped and I could feel Tuffnut's grin against my neck. Peppering kisses along my jaw he reached my mouth once more, biting my bottom lip in payback to before. One of my

hands was tangled in his hair as the other still gripped tightly onto his hip. Gods above if only we had thought of this before, it was definitely much more exciting than fighting.

\_Knock! Knock! Knock!\_

I gasped and wrenched my head away from Tuffnut's, who looked slightly annoyed at the interruption.

"You guys apologized yet? Or do we need to break you two up?" Gobber shouted. "Gods forbid another broken bone!"

I shoved Tuffnut off of me and scrambled to my feet, wiping a hand over my mouth. Blood glistened on the back of my hand and I blushed heavily at the reason why. Tuffnut himself had a split lip and his wide grin was definitely not helping it.

I punched him in the arm and he grimaced.

"Don't say a word," I hissed at him.

"Guys!" Hiccup's wearied voice carried from outside.

"He apologised," I said.

"She apologised," Tuffnut said.

"Now we're buddies, yada yada open the door," I grumbled. A noise from outside indicated that they were taking away whatever was keeping the door locked. Just before the door opened, Tuffnut pulled my hair over my left shoulder. I raised an eyebrow at him and he grinned.

"You got a little, uh," I flushed as my hand flew up to the side of my neck, feeling the heated raised bites he'd left.

The door opened and Gobber, Hiccup, Astrid and Ruffnut all stood at the fore front as they had done before. The first three watched the two of us warily and Ruffnut's face seemed to be turning an odd shade of red and purple, before she erupted with laughter, tears running down her face.

I couldn't help it as my face flamed and I shoved Tuffnut out the door with a quick muttered "bye". Gobber, Hiccup and Astrid's faces were priceless as I slammed the door shut and leant against it.

From my position I heard Tuffnut's whoop, a crash indicating he'd run into something accidentally and Ruffnut's laughter that grew ever louder.

"Wha' on earth is tha' all about?" I heard Gobber's grumble. Astrid's quiet snickering from outside didn't go unnoticed either and I groaned, my head falling into my hands as she said;

"I think they took kiss and make up to a literal sense."

\* \* \*

><p>Well, there's that. Oh boy I'm pumped to see reactions to that. Negative, positive or both it was bound to happen. Oh well.<p>

Well, once again I'm sorry for my disappearance. And pretty please don't forget to review, favourite and follow! Cheers!

End  
file.